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PREFACE.

I.

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH POETRY UP TO THE TIME OF SIR DAVID LYNDESAY, WITH AN OUTLINE OF HIS WORKS,

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THE life and writings of Sir David Lyndesay are intimately associated with the political and intellectual movements of the transition age in which he flourished. The interest that adheres to them is, to a great extent, historical, and any attempt to estimate their significance will be assisted by a survey of the previous course of national thought.

Scottish literature properly speaking, that is to say, the literature which was not only written in Scotland and by Scotchmen, but which embodied local ideas in local language, stretches over somewhat more than 150 years. It begins in the 14th century with Barbour in the celebration of national independence, and ends in the 16th with Lyndesay and Knox in the advocacy of religious freedom. The Scotchmen who have written from the time of Drummond to that of Carlyle have been, with a few exceptions, and in spite of certain local characteristics, essentially English writers.

There is great similarity between the early literatures of all countries: rudeness of style and simplicity of thought mark the

first efforts of writers everywhere; there is a further similarity between almost all the early literatures of modern Europe. They are from the first largely aftergrowths. They begin in the naturalization of legends, and the communication of truths previously diffused in elder tongues; in re-translations of translations necessitated by the fusion of races which had each previously possessed some records of its own. Echoes caught from classic and mediæval tradition run through our earliest romances; if we except a few purely Celtic and Scandinavian fragments we must, to find the roots of our old British literature, go back beyond itself. This last remark may, however, be applied with less reservation to the southern than to the northern section of our island, where continental influences affected manners more than thought. The most cursory view of early Scottish poetry finds it more nearly indigenous, reflecting more closely the current of events in which our authors were more frequently actors, than that of the corresponding age in England, where a greater amount of luxury led, at an earlier period, to the development of a distinct literary class.

Authentic Scottish history begins about the date of the Norman conquest with the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and stretches down to the union of the crowns under James VI. Before the first of those dates it is the comparatively barren chronicle of semi-barbarous tribes; after the last it becomes a part of the history of England. The intervening period of five and a half centuries may be divided into four great sections.

DIVISIONS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

I. The first extends for 200 years, down to the death of Alexander III., and exhibits Scotland as an independent kingdom, occasionally at war with, and sometimes interfering in, the affairs of her more powerful neighbour.

II. The second, stretching from 1283 to 1390—the date of the accession of Robert II., the first of the Stewarts—is the period marked by the struggle with the English Edwards.

III. The third, extending over the reigns of Robert II. and Robert III., and the first four Jameses, is marked by renewed wars

with England,—the border raids, giving birth to the border ballads; the alliance, foreshadowing a union of the crowns; the defeat of Flodden; at home, by the Douglas wars; the first steps towards the civilization of the Highlands; the revival of classical learning among the ecclesiastics, and the establishment of the Universities.

IV. The fourth, beginning with the Regency consequent on the death of James IV., extends over the reigns of James V., Mary, and the Scottish reign of James VI. It is the period of the Reformation.

CORRESPONDING DIVISIONS OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

I. Of the first of those periods there are few literary relics. There are some English verses about the Battle of the Standard, but no contemporary records are left to us from the 12th or the early part of the 13th century in Scotland. If any ballads belonged to that age they are lost.[1] A little later we come to the oldest authentic fragment of Scottish poetry in the well-known patriotic and religious lament beginning

> 'Quhen Alysandyr oure king wes dede
> That Scotland led in luve and le.'

The 13th century in Scotland is ushered into the history of literature mainly in connection with the traditionary verses and semi-fabulous life of Thomas Learmount, the rhymer of Ercildoune. Of this Scottish Orpheus or Merlin—whose very existence has been doubted by the sceptical spirit of modern criticism—the frequent references of later writers allow us to believe that he really lived and wrote, reaching the height of his fame about the year 1280, and dying before the close of the century. He comes before us, like an early bard, in the combined character of a poet and a prophet. His most celebrated prediction, relating to the death of the king, is circumstantially detailed by Bower, a chronicler who flourished in 1430; but as it is given in the form of the announcement of a blast in Scotland on the 16th of March, we are tempted to remark that such a prophecy was likely in some way or other to be fulfilled, and as we

[1] It will be understood that the writer speaks of the literature of Lowland or Anglo-Saxon Scotland, and does not hazard any opinion on the question of the old Celtic remains. Celtic has even less relation to Scottish than it has to English literature.

have different accounts of the year in which Alexander died, we cannot lay much stress on a coincidence connected with the day. Learmount is referred to in his prophetic character in *The Bruce*. The chroniclers Wyntown and Henry have agreed to represent him as endowed with a genuine spirit of divination; but they express suspicions as to the source from which this power was derived. Lesley, in his history of Scotch affairs (1578), mentions him along with the wizard Michael Scott. The Earl of Sterling, the poet Drummond—followed in the middle of the 17th century by Archbishop Spotswood—allude to him as having 'foretold many ages before' the union of the crowns 'in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood.' Unfortunately, the publication of the volume to which those writers refer can be traced only to the year 1603, when the union had actually taken place.

Ercildoune's claims to be regarded as a poet have been considered to rest on a somewhat better foundation. Robert Manning of Brunne, who lived only half a generation later (his works bearing date in 1303 and 1338) distinctly names a Thomas as the author of an old version of the Geste of Sir Tristram,[1] and the ryme of the third line of the Geste in the Auchinleck MS. leaves no doubt that 'Erceldoune' is the right word for the name of the author's dwelling that is missing from the first line.[2] *Sir Tristrem*, although one of the later Arthurian legends, had at an early period become one of the stock stories of romance on the continent, and it may

[1] I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
of Erceldoun & of Kendale,
Nou þam says as þai [E. & K.] þam wroght,
& in þer sayng it semes noght:
þat may þou here in sir Tristrem;
ouer gestes it has þe steem [esteem],—
ouer alle that is or was—
if men it sayd, as made Thomas.
Story of Inglande, i. 3, lines 93—100; ed. F. J. Furnivall, 1871 (now in the press).

[2] I was at [Erceldoune:]
With Tomás spak Y thare;
Ther herd Y rede in roune,
Who Tristrem gat and bare . . .
Tomas telles in toun,
This autentours as thai ware.
(ed. W. Scott, 1806, l. 1-11.)

have found its way to Scotland, and been translated there some years before it assumed its English dress in England. The old copy of the Romance (supposed to have been transcribed in the 14th century) which was published by Sir Walter Scott in 1804, opens with an allusion to the Rhymer in the third person, and the language hardly squares with our notions of the Scotch of the remote period to which it is referred by the editor; but neither of those facts is decisive against the belief in an original work of the Rhymer that may have been modified by transcription. The 'Geste of King Horne' has also been referred to a northern source of the same date, but, it appears, on insufficient authority. Learmount's fame will continue to be associated with faery land and the ballads of our Scottish mythology.

II. There are a few remaining fragments of verse—as the taunting at the siege of Berwick, and a pæan over Bannockburn—written by contemporaries of Wallace and Bruce, but our main poetical authority for the events and sentiments of the period is JOHN BARBOUR. Neither the place nor the date of this author's birth are known. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357; died in 1395, after having repeatedly travelled in England, and held some important offices. In 1375 he speaks of his work as being half finished. On its completion in 1378 he was presented with an annuity, avowedly granted to him and his heirs 'pro compilacione Libri de gestis illustrissimi principis quondam domini regis Roberti de Brus.' He is referred to by Wyntown as the author of another work, 'The Brute,' containing a genealogy of the kings of Scotland, from the everlasting Brutus down to the time of the first Stewarts, for which, according to one account, he received another pension. Mr Henry Bradshaw, the Librarian of the University of Cambridge, has proved[1] that about 2200 lines of two MS. Troy Books in the Cambridge University and Bodleian Libraries—part of 'The Brute' above,—as well as a MS. collection of 50 Lives of Saints, in 40,000 lines, in the Cambridge University Library, are due to Barbour. Two MSS., transcribed by John Ramsay in 1489, are, with the ex-

[1] Transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, 1866.

ception of the passages enshrined by Wyntown in his Chronicle, our earliest authorities for the text of the 'Brus.' The earliest printed edition of which any copies have been preserved, belongs to about 1570, since when there have been nearly twenty, some of them altered to suit the knowledge of the people, with whom the work has always been a favourite. As the first really considerable poem produced in the northern part of our island, it has been compared by Mr Pinkerton and other critics, whose national zeal is apt to be excessive, with the masterpieces of Homer, Dante, and Chaucer; but the comparison only holds good as pointing to a common freshness and vigour. If we are to look for prototypes to 'The Bruce,' we may find a better parallel in the fragments of the Roman Nævius and Ennius, who seem to have executed in a somewhat similar way a design similar to Barbour's, and to have recalled, as he did, with comparative simplicity and sincerity, the great achievements of a great era of their country's history. The historical merit of Barbour's book is generally admitted to be considerable. He himself recommends it at the outset by stating his resolution to give a faithful record; and writing within 46 years of Bruce's death, he is able more than once to appeal to the authority of eye-witnesses as vouchers for the accuracy of his statements. We may presume that he has reported the main events of the struggle he celebrates exactly as they were believed to have taken place in the age during which he wrote. The annals of contemporary warfare still warn us how short a time it takes to obscure facts:[1] where strong emotions have free play not the most honest can be expected to be always impartial; and where great interests are at stake not every one can be expected to be honest. In a rude age mythological additions cluster more thickly around the memories of great men; but though Barbour appeals to the belief in Divine interposition to explain a Scottish victory, and attributes to his hero supernatural powers, and ascribes his early disasters to his sacrilege, and credits the report of the English king's consulting a fiend, the wonder is that his work as a whole is so free from fabulous adornments. His sentiment regarding

[1] Vide the exaggerated statements espoused by Lord Shaftesbury, and at one time widely credited, regarding the Indian Mutiny.

the reputed prophecies of the age is inspired by a wholesome incredulity which reminds us of Chaucer's not caring 'three straws' for the oracles—

> 'Me think, quha sayis he knawis thingis
> To cum, he makys gret gabingis.'

But we see no trace in Barbour of the scepticism which is full-grown flippancy. The whole tone of his writing is reverential, nor was he altogether free from the influence of the superstitions in which the reverence of that age took shape. Cultivating a comparatively virgin soil, Barbour indulges in comparatively few of the commonplaces of mediæval fiction: living without even Chaucer for a model, it was easier for him to be original than for us who are oppressed by so many centuries of literature. But his originality cannot be attributed, as the appearance of originality sometimes may, to ignorance. He was too zealous a student to be ashamed to go abroad for his knowledge, and his work bears frequent testimony to his learning. He avoids the pedantry of cramming his pages with the names of ancient authors; but he frequently even goes out of his way to give illustrations from Greek and Latin history. His travels seem to have had the effect of liberalizing his mind. The laureate of a national struggle for independence, he exhibits no unreasonable inveteracy; and his patriotism, tempered by a comprehensive charity, never degenerates into patriotic rant. In an artistic point of view, his poem, as a whole, owes its main merit to its unity. The hero—a model knight—is the backbone of the story, which is at once a chronicle and a chivalrous romance. The exaggerations which here and there occur never take from our sense of the reality of the picture; and a great aim justifies those efforts which, in the case of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram, are apt to degenerate into gymnastic feats. The figures of Bruce and Douglas —'very perfect gentle knights,'—as drawn by Barbour, recall to our minds Achilles and Patroclus. But the implied comparison suggests a difference. A long poem which rests too much upon its unity cannot be without serious defects. A single highly-strung emotion is ground for a perfect lyric; one great action, coloured by passion, is enough for a ballad; but an epic requires variety. The conflict of

interests in the 'Iliad,' the rival heroes, Helen and Andromache, the background of the gods, amply fulfil this requisite. Setting aside the difference of language (and compared with the language of Homer that of Barbour is prose) this makes a gulf between the two poems. National zeal is needed to prevent 'The Bruce' from becoming wearisome. There is too great a similarity in the adventures; and the characters, with few exceptions, do not stand out with sufficient individuality. The want of versatility in Barbour's mind shows itself in his style. He has more than the average power of painting character. We often admire the pathos of his simple narrative, and sympathize with the fervour of his patriotic reflections on the 'perfervidum ingenium' of men.

'Haud cauponantes bellum sed belligeranteis.'

But he seems either to have had comparatively little inventive power, or to have avoided exercising it. His wit is heavy, and he is rarely humorous. The 'glow of generous sentiment' which pervades his poem elevates its tone; but though a high level it is still a level, rising at the highest in his 'Bannockburn' to that of the last canto in Sir W. Scott's 'Marmion.'

ANDREW OF WYNTOWN, a Prior of the monastery of St Serf, a later contemporary of Barbour's, was born during the reign of David II., and died sometime after 1419. His work, the 'Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland,' so called because it professes to trace the history of our ancestors from their origin, was edited—so far as the part immediately concerning Scotland—by David Macpherson in 1789, and a new edition has long been a want. Like Barbour's, it is written in octosyllabic verse, but it contains scarcely any poetry, and its historical value is impaired by an admixture of legends. To antiquarians it still presents an interesting mirror of ancient manners and beliefs, along with some of the earliest versions of the most popular native traditions, among others the story of the witches and Macbeth, though not exactly as we find it in Shakespeare. Besides the favourite second-rate authorities of the middle age, he refers to several of the standard classics, and helps himself over his work by liberal quotations from Barbour and other authors.

Here, though he flourished at a somewhat later date, we may mention HENRY THE MINSTREL, for his poem belongs to the early series of our metrical chroniclers. For all we know of his life we are indebted to a passage of Dr Mair's Latin History, in which he tells us that Henry was blind, and leaves us to infer that he flourished about the year 1460. He calls himself a rural or rustic man, but it is evident that he must have received some education, for French words are frequently introduced into his poem, and he refers to a Latin original of a Maistre John Blair, as having furnished many of his ideas. Henry must have lived as late as 1492, when there is a record of the last of several donations presented to him by James IV. He never alludes to his blindness, and the descriptions which are among the prominent beatities of his work seem inconsistent with it; but we are scarcely justified on this ground in setting aside the positive testimony of a contemporary as to an obvious fact. Popular sentiment continues to this day to revere Blind Harry. The poem of 'The Wallace,' composed in heroic couplets, is about the same length as 'The Bruce,' of which it is a counterpart. Henry's verse is at least as smooth as Barbour's, and some critics have recorded their preference for the later poem; but the weight of authority inclines to a different verdict. The author of 'The Wallace' is plainly the less educated of the rivals, and, though born in a more refined age, has less refinement of feeling. The characters of 'The Bruce' are limited, but 'The Wallace' has only one. Everything centres round the figure of the gigantic yeoman, and his adventures are little more than a series of scenes of slaughter. The narrative is often highly vigorous, and the battle-pieces occasionally stirring; but it needs all the exaggeration of patriotism to attribute to the author 'the genius of a second Homer.' A modern Scotch version of Henry's work kept up in the hearts of the Scottish peasantry, down to the close of last century, the tide of Scottish prejudice which Burns says was poured into his veins by its perusal. It is the great authority for those incidents connected with the life of the hero which have been reproduced in the 'Tales of a Grandfather' and the 'Scottish Chiefs;' and from the first scene with the fishing-rod to the last on the scaffold, these are narrated with a vigour that has never been surpassed.

III. The literature of Scotland during the 14th century is remarkably free from the mark of English influence. Its foreign allusions, mostly continental, are subsidiary. It stands on its own basis, and is characterized by the freshness and vigour of an independent nation beginning to assert a place for itself in the intellectual world. The same phenomenon recurs, the same features are present, in the revolutionary and reforming literature of the 16th; but in the 15th century we have an interval of comparative subjection, when imitation of southern models was the price paid for greater refinement and delicacy of speech. It has been said that in the generations after Chaucer's death, the light of his genius, which seemed to have gone out in the land of his birth, was rekindled in the north, as the sun still shines over the Orkneys when the lamps are kindled in the streets of London. Varying the image, we may say that during the whole of this period a Chaucerian wave passed over Scottish literature, and a movement was set on foot which largely influenced its thought and manner, its themes and the mode of handling them. Of this movement, an English prince, reared in England, was the natural leader and representative. By genius and education James I., the greatest of the ill-starred Stewart line—the best king who ever was a poet and the best poet who ever was a king—was well fitted to inaugurate a new era of thought and expression. The tragedy of his life, which typifies the premature struggle of civilization against barbarism, is familiar to the most superficial reader of Scottish history. Like Alfred the Great he at an early age manifested remarkable capacities in directions commonly opposed. He was by nature a soldier and statesman, and equally by nature a man of letters. While still a prisoner of Henry's in the round tower of Windsor, he had converted the castle-yard into a court of martial exercise, and his chamber into a study. Out of doors he became a horseman and a runner; in doors, a musician, a lawyer, and, studying 'his maisters dear,' himself a poet. His fancy is said to have been first inspired by the sight of his future wife 'gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower,' beneath his casement. The poem called forth by this beatific vision is 'The King's Quair.' This word, which in Icelandic means a book, and is so used in the English *Ancren Riwle*

of about 1220 A.D. (p. 282), was perhaps taken by James from the 'Complaynt of the Black Knight,' generally, but probably falsely, attributed to Chaucer,—

'Go, lytell *quayre*, unto my lyve's queen.'

James derived from the great English poet much more than the title of his poem—its verse, which is a modification of the rhyme royal; its language, which, with a few northernisms, is English rather than Scotch; and many of its ideas and images. The notion of the poet rising from sleep, and hearing the bell ring for matins, is eminently Chaucerian; so is the description of the garden, the address to May, and much of the subsequent allegory. A more minute comparison of the two writers reveals many instances of the imitation, conscious or unconscious, of the one by the other. It has been remarked that the following coincidence between a stanza in 'Troylus and Cressida' and one in the 'King's Quair' can hardly be accidental:—

'O weary ghost that wanderest to & fro,
Why nyht thou flyen out of the wofullest
Body that ever might on groundè go
O soulè lurking in this woful nest
Fly forth without mine hertè & it brest.'
—*Chaucer, T. & C.* b. iv.

'O besy ghost, ay flickering to & fro
That never art in quiet or in rest
Till thou cam to the place that thou cam fro
Which is thy first & very proper nest.'—*K.'s Quair.*

Chaucer was to the minor poets of England during the 15th century what Byron was to those of the last, and Tennyson has been to those of the present generation—a voice to echo, and a standard to follow from a distance. But James I. was more than a minor poet; he not only outstripped all his contemporaries, but surpassed one of his models—Gower—and his highest flights fell not far short of the unattainable excellence of the other. If we compare the productions of our poet with the 'Canterbury Tales,' we find the latter to surpass the former in vigour, in life-like reality, in variety, and in humour; but the case is not so clear if we compare those productions with the corresponding efforts of Chaucer's youth. The 'King's Quair'—an

autobiographic, descriptive, and allegorical poem of nearly 1400 lines—was probably written sometime before the royal author's marriage in 1424; a copy was preserved in the Bodleian library, and printed for the first time in 1776. If Hawes ever saw this, he may have borrowed from it several hints in the composition of the 'Pastime of Pleasure.' The main defect of the earlier work lies in its resemblance to the later. The age of allegory in those days corresponded to what is with young writers now the *era of adjectives;* and James had not passed it when he wrote his 'Quair.' Neither had he avoided entirely the bad example of Gower in mixing up incongruous scraps of learning. Christian and Pagan myths are jumbled in his pages. The poet invokes Calliope in the name of the Virgin; Venus and St John co-operate to give him counsel, and he puts a quotation from the Book of Ecclesiastes into the mouth of Minerva. Hence it is that the poem is appreciated better in fragments than as a whole; but many of the descriptions, in richness of imagery and harmony of versification, stand on a level with those of our greatest poets. In that of the Garden and the Lady there is, to borrow one of its own lines,

'Beauty enough to make a world to dote.'

Of the minor pieces attributed to the same author, the most celebrated is 'Christ's Kirk of the Green,' the popularity of which in later times is attested by Pope's couplet,

'One likes no language but the Faery Queen,
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green.'

Some critics have referred the poem to King James V., while one of the first Scottish scholars of the day summarily dismisses it as 'undoubtedly the production of a far later age' than that of James I. The name of this monarch is appended to the poems in the Bannatyne MS. compiled in 1564. Its authenticity seems to stand or fall along with that of a similar composition to which allusion is made in the opening stanza—'Peebles to the Play,'—and this last is referred to by Mair, who lived in the 15th century, as a work of the same James. The two poems are in the same peculiar stanza; their dialect, adapted to the comprehension of the common people, is very similar; and they treat similar subjects in the same way, being didactic satires

under the guise of descriptive burlesques of rural games, drawn in vivid rustic colours. In both the same humour and sprightliness are conspicuous characteristics.

Of the writers in verse belonging to the age immediately succeeding it may suffice to refer to the most prominent. ROBERT HENRYSON, the schoolmaster of Dunfermline (mentioned in Dunbar's 'Lament for the Makars,' 1507, as recently dead), must be regarded as one of the most successful of those who during the latter half of the 15th century followed up the impulse that had been given by James, and introduced into the northern part of our island the literary fashions, the favourite themes, the smoother measures, and the prevailing graces of the south. All the educated Scotch minstrels of this period were more or less imitators of Chaucer, and, for the most part, of his earlier and minor works. With the exception of a single fable, there is no Scotch recast from the 'Canterbury Tales,' but there are several of the 'Flower and the Leaf' and 'Troylus and Cressida.' Henryson's 'Testament of Cresseid' was avowedly suggested by the latter, to which it is a sequel, preserving the stanza, and to some extent the manner, of the original. In the spirit of that poetical justice which rarely accords with the facts of life, the poem proceeds to give us an account of the punishment which the author imagines to have ultimately overtaken the infidelity of the heroine. Deserted in her turn by Diomed, Cresseid returns to the house of Calchas, and afterwards retires to an oratory or 'Kirk,' where she laments her fate, and pours forth reproaches against the goddess of love. Then follows an interlude in which the principal mythological personages of antiquity, though with some confusion as to character, are introduced sitting in judgment on the faithless fair one. She is finally condemned to be stricken with leprosy, and to go begging from house to house with cup and clapper, as the lepers were wont to do in the streets of Edinburgh. Nathaniel Hawthorne has wrought out with remarkable power a similar idea in his 'Lady Eleanore's Mantle,' but he has not transferred the heroine from Massachusetts to Troy. Henryson has handled another legendary theme in the same fashion in his 'Tale of Orpheus,' represented as a king of Thrace searching in vain for Eurydice through all the stars

of the milky way. In the course of his journey we meet with the following classic reference—

> 'In his passage among the planets all
> He herd a heavenly melody & sound
> Passing all instrumentis musical
> Caused by rolling of the spheres round.'

Orpheus then descends to the realms of Pluto, where he meets Julius Cæsar, Herod, Nero, and Iesabel, with *many a pope and cardinal.* The last reference is remarkable as perhaps the earliest indication in Scotch verse of the tone of thought which we shall find so predominant in the Satire of Lyndesay. The habit of confounding chronology, and attaching modern circumstances to ancient names, may perhaps be attributed more to the influence of Gower and Lydgate than to that of Chaucer. The fashion was set to them by the *Gesta Romanorum.* In his poem of 'The Bloody Sark,' Henryson has added an allegory to one of the traditionary incidents which appear in that collection. In his extensive collection of Fables, he addresses 'Esop,' whose prose seems to have been often confounded by the writers of this period with the verse of Phædrus, as a 'poet laureate.' Among these fables, that of 'Sir Chanticleare and the Fox,' adapted from the 'Nunnes Priest's Tale,' and the 'Borrowstoun and Landwart Mouse,' concluding with the moral afterwards pointed by Gay, are the most worthy of note. One of the most favourable examples of Henryson's native style is the half-humorous, half-graceful moralization on a lady's dress, entitled 'The Garment.' He is probably the author of 'Robin and Makyne,' one of the earliest and best of all our ballads. In the two last-mentioned pieces there is a directness and simplicity of thought and language, favourably contrasting with the somewhat involved manner of his more elaborate compositions. These are, however, remarkable for the prevailing smoothness of their versification, as well as a peculiar sweetness and delicacy, which throughout distinguishes Henryson among his compeers.

III. It has been said by a southern reviewer of the present day, with what justice we will not attempt to determine, that 'a Scotchman either thinks like an Englishman, or he thinks worse.' The

literary history of the northern part of our island during a great part of the 15th century may seem to confirm this verdict, for, as we have seen, throughout that period the most prominent Scotch poets were mainly employed in recasting English models. A few local references and embellishments, an occasional patriotic reference or touch of satire foreshadowing the revolutionary tendencies of the next age, are almost the sole indications of a national spirit. But during the closing years of the century, and the early years of the next, a new tide had set in. The aftermath of political antagonism to England, fostered by the turbulent chivalry of James IV., evoked a corresponding antagonism in the world of letters. Dr Irving has remarked that when the court became favourable to foreign alliances, the leading writers, in their anxiety to avoid the forms and phraseology of the 'southern' dialect, were ready to adopt without restraint those of France, and through France those of Rome. A school of poetry, characterized by its classic mannerism, thus arose in the north, and even after the Reformation had severed the main bonds which united us to the Romance nations, continued to exercise a hurtful effect on the form, if not on the substance, of our literature. This fashion was the more unfortunate that it was alien to the true national genius of a country having little essential sympathy with the modes of thought, and therefore little real affinity to the modes of expression, of the south. Campbell justly remarks, in reference to the prolific use of those 'aureate terms,' that 'when the writers of those days meant to be eloquent, they tore up words from the Latin, and planted them, as children do rootless flowers in a mock garden.' But the growth of the fashion is at once explicable from history, and one of the most accomplished men of the time was largely instrumental in confirming it. The two poets whom we have next to mention make a sort of bridge between the period we have marked as the *third*, and that which we have marked as the *fourth*, in the development of our literature. Inspired in the main by the spirit of the 15th, they lived over the first quarter of the 16th century, and witnessed the beginning of the intellectual war which led to the Reformation. Both, to the close of their lives, held firmly by the main points of the Catholic creed; but the one as

a practical reformer, the other as a virulent satirist of the abuses of the Church, helped to pave the way for the bolder and more unreserved protests of the succeeding generation. Of these two poets, the immediate predecessors of Sir David Lyndesay, Douglas is the representative of the more aristocratic and highly cultured element in the fancy of the time; Dunbar, of its more democratic, comparatively untutored, and revolutionary genius.

Gawain Douglas, an interesting account of whose eventful life is given in the work of Dr Irving,[1] was born in 1474, the third son of Archibald the fifth, sometimes called the great, Earl of Angus. His education was completed at Paris, and entering holy orders on his return, he devoted the leisure of the first and only quiet part of his career to literature. In 1515 he was nominated to the See of Dunkeld, and becoming involved in the civil war which had broken out among the leaders of the northern Church, he sought an asylum in England, where, in 1522, he died, the most learned and the most amiable of his illustrious race. Douglas informs us that at one period of his life he was requested to translate Homer, from which it has been reasonably inferred that he was acquainted with Greek. Of his familiarity with Latin we have abundant proof. His youthful rendering of Ovid's 'De Remedio Amoris' has not been preserved; but his version of the 'Ænead,' completed about the year 1513, is remarkable as the first attempt to transfer the work of a great classic author directly into English. Douglas's translation of Virgil is a monument of industry and good scholarship, being a faithful and generally close representation of the original, though somewhat wanting in polish, a defect referable to the fact that the whole composition only occupied sixteen months of the writer's time. The Earl of Surrey is said to have had the plan of his blank-verse rendering of the second and fourth books of the same Epic suggested by the previously existing heroics of the Bishop of Dunkeld. Douglas, like his contemporaries, confounded ancient and modern ideas: e. g. he makes the Sybil a nun, and puts into her mouth an admonition to Æneas to persevere in counting his beads; but such incongruities occur less frequently than in Henryson. The original

[1] To his recollections of which the writer has to acknowledge his obligations.

prologues which Douglas has prefixed to the several books of his work are among the best specimens of his maturer verse. In allusion to these we have from an early Scotch critic the following somewhat overstrained eulogy:—'Where he,' the author, 'hath his liberty, he showeth a natural and ample vein of poesy so pure, pleasant, and judicious, that I believe there is none that hath written before or since but cometh short of him. And in my opinion there is not such a piece to be found as his prologue to the eighth book, beginning, "Of drevilling and dreams"—at least, in our language.' The introductions to the seventh and twelfth books have also been highly and deservedly commended. They abound in rich and appreciative natural descriptions; but, with the rest of the author's composition, they exhibit the defect of all rapid writing in being too diffuse. There is a superfluity of second-rate images instead of a single self-sufficient one. Every imaginative mind when it falls into a train of thought is beset with pictures: the task is to select from among them that which is the best, and make it do duty for the rest. Four lines from Douglas's description of the dawn will illustrate this—

> 'And eke the heavenly portals chrystalline
> Unwarpis braid, the warld till illumine,
> The twinkling streamers of the Orient
> Shed purple spraying with gold and azure blent.'

Each of these lines separately gives a fair representation of some of the phenomena of the morning. The crystal gates bring before our minds the idea of the clear sky, the gates opening wide indicate the spreading light; then the element of colour is introduced, though in a somewhat confused metaphor; the twinkling streamers shed sprays of purple gold and blue. It is an image more fitting an aurora borealis transferred to the morning. The whole is more picturesque than powerful: there is something of that heaping up of attributes which is always the mark of a minor poet, and there is a want of what Mr Ruskin calls 'Imagination Penetrative,' the inspiration which leaps to the heart of an idea, and gives to it a perfect voice, generally in the simplest words. One line in Chaucer suggests more than the four above instanced:

> 'And all the Orient laugheth at the sight.'

We have here at once the far-rippling lustre of the dawn, the ἀνηριθμον γελασμα of the sky.

Of Douglas's two extensive original works the better-known, 'The Palace of Honour,' has been compared to the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but they may more properly be contrasted. Bunyan forged out of the Bible and the fervour of his own heart, in the solitudes of Bedford jail, the only popular allegory in the English language; popular because it appeals directly to our homeliest consciousness. Every peasant may be Christian on his way from Destruction, through Despond and Despair, over the Valley of the Shadow, and the river which is the Reality, of death, to the Shining City. Douglas, on the other hand, leaves his court and episcopal audience-chamber, with his mind full of the orators and poets of Greece and Rome, to dream in a delightful arbour of a cavalcade of ladies, warriors, sages, and patriots, votaries of all the gods and goddesses, from Mars to Venus, trooping to the Palace of Honour. This cavalcade he joins, and under guard of Calliope, reaches the Castilian fountain, but is prevented from drinking of it by the pressure of the crowd. At length they reach their destination, the Palace, which, like Chaucer's Temple of Fame, is situated on a hard rock, slippery as glass. Like the Celestial City it affords a view of the world, and many striving in vain to enter it are carried down by the weight of their crimes into a dismal lake. The poet and his guardian are admitted by Patience, the porteress; but, on attempting to cross a narrow bridge which leads to the garden of the Muses, he falls into the moat, and awakens from his dream to compose a lay in praise of honour, and dedicate it to James IV. Douglas's other long poem, 'King Hart,' planned after a similar fashion, is a complex allegory of the progress of human life, which has been compared to Fletcher's 'Purple Island.' Both works show a luxuriant imagination and remarkable command of verse, but they are marred by redundancy and incongruities.

William Dunbar—after Burns the greatest of Scotch poets—was born about the year 1460. He was educated at St Andrews, and took his degree at St Salvator's in 1479. Early in life he became a Franciscan friar, and in the robes of the order went about

begging. The following is slightly abridged from the account given by himself in one of his humorous poems of this somewhat questionable portion of his career. It is strikingly illustrative of the spirit of the times out of which, under the direction of more honest, if not of abler, men, the Reformation grew. 'Before the dawn of day methought St Francis, clad in religious habit, appeared to me, and said, "Go, my servant, clothe thee in these vestments, and renounce the world." At the sight of him and his habit I was scared like one who sees a ghost. "And why, my son, art thou terrified at the sight of the holy weed?" "St Francis' reverence attend thee, and thanks for this intended benefit; but with regard to those garments of which thou art so liberal, it has never entered into my head to wear them more; sweet confessor, take it not ill. In holy legends have I heard it said that bishops are more frequently canonized than friars: if, therefore, thou wouldst guide my soul towards heaven, invest me with larger robes. My friar days are done. Time was when in that dress I made good cheer, and preached and fleeched the folk from Berwick to Dover, and even passed over to Calais and Picardy; but this life let me in for many a pious fraud, from which no holy water would cleanse me." What had thus appeared to me as St Francis was a fiend in the likeness of a friar: he vanished away with fiery smoke; methought he carried the end of the house along with him.' This recalls to our minds Piers Plowman and Chaucer's satires, and the coming events of which these words were shadows. But the Scotch poet—*fortiter in modo suaviter in re*—acknowledges to us and to himself that a bishopric bestowed in time would have led him to take a more favourable view of the Established Church. The origin of Dunbar's connection with the court is unknown, but we hear of him between 1491 and 1500 as engaged in several foreign embassies which led him over most of the continent. In 1500 he received from the king a pension of £10. During the next ten years he appears continually asking for more. In one of his lighter pieces he tells of his actually 'dancing in the queen's chamber': a great part of his life was spent in dancing attendance on the king's antechamber. The spectacle of a poet so long a suitor for place is not a pleasant one, but it is con-

tinually brought before us by the very titles of his poems, e. g. 'To the King when many benefices vacate,' 'Dunbar's Complaint to the King,' 'Dunbar's Remonstrance to the King,' 'To the Lords of the King's Exchequer,' 'On Asking,' 'On Giving,' 'On Taking,' &c., &c. Many are devoted to those who had by fair means or foul been promoted over him, for whom he finds no language strong enough. Some of his tirades against those fortunate recipients of undeserved favour are magazines of 16th-century abuse; but the abject complaints which the poet addresses to the king in person almost make us wish he had restricted himself to attacking his rivals.

Patronage is not always judicious, and the cleverest man about James's court may have had some reason to feel aggrieved in being passed over; but the reader of Dunbar's poems may doubt whether a bishopric was his proper sphere. He pelts vice in the kennel with a coarseness of language beyond that of Skelton. Dowered with 'the scorn of scorn' he bursts through all restraints. The finest hymn of our century, Byron's 'Ave Maria,' appears in the same poem with a parody on the commandments and a burlesque of the creed. Dunbar, who has sounded the depths of the religious feeling of his times, ridicules all the observances of his Church. Failing in his aim after promotion, he, however, succeeded in obtaining an increase of his pension, which rose by degrees to a very respectable annuity. There is a record of a portion of this being paid to him in 1513, the year of Flodden. A poem in his hand refers to the return of the Duke of Albany to France, an event which took place in 1517. We hear nothing more of the poet, and only know from an allusion in Lyndesay's 'Papingo' that he must have been dead in 1530.

It is manifestly impossible within the space at our command to attempt even a general survey of the works of an author whose genius merits a distinct and extended criticism. We must be satisfied to enumerate a few of the most familiar. Dunbar's writings have been roughly ranged under three heads—Allegorical, Moral, and Satirical. Of those falling under the first head, 'The Golden Targe,' an allegory in which the influence of the 'Romaunt of the Rose' and 'The Flower and the Leaf' is conspicuous, is generally referred to the early years of the poet. It opens with a fine description of

the dawn, and a ship sailing up a stream, on the bank of which the poet is loitering. This ship lands a 'world of ladies' in green kirtles, who are represented in glowing colours; but to recall the scene aright would, he says, exceed the genius of Tullius or Homer. In the assemblage he sees Nature, Dame Venus, the fresh Aurora, Juno, Latona, Proserpine, and other 'mighty queens.' Cupid next appears, leading in a long array of gods and other male personages: these join the troop of the goddesses, and they dance together. At length, the poet being detected by Venus, she issues an order for his arrest. 'Reason' then steps forward to defend him with his golden targe, and successfully resists the attacks of the fair archers, till Presence comes and throws dust into the eyes of Reason, and Love wins the day. Dunbar concludes with a eulogy of 'reverend Chaucer, rose of rhetors all,' of 'moral Gower and Lydgate laureat,' and a modest apology for his own humble strains. 'The Thistle and the Rose,' his other long poem, written for the court in 1503, celebrates the marriage of James with Margaret, the daughter of the English king. A recent editor commends the ingenious manner in which the heraldic emblems of the two countries are made to act, and the graceful avoidance of personal flattery in the indirect compliments that are paid to the queen—a mode of homage which she seems to have appreciated, for we are told that she remained in after life, 'though unstable in politics and even in morals, the steady friend of the poet.' Lord Hales, Warton, and Ellis, are all lavish in their praises of this poem. 'Every reader,' says the first mentioned, 'will remember Langhorne's encomium—

> "In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
> And Time still spares the Thistle and the Rose."'

The great blemish of these two pieces lies in their classic mannerism. Such words as 'aureate,' 'mellifluate,' 'enamelling,' 'celical,' 'illuminate' as an adjective, so frequently recurring, suggest the idea of somewhat pedantic translations from the Latin.

In the opinion of many competent critics, Dunbar's 'Daunce of the Seven Deadly Sins,' which lies on the border land between satire and allegory, is the most powerful of his works. Its great merit is its intensity, and the nervous vigour of its personification. In a

few sufficient words the horrid crew are summoned up, and made to pass before us, each with its distinguishing characteristic. An interesting comparison might be instituted between these demons and the corresponding groups in 'Piers Plowman,' Sackville's 'Induction,' or even, not always to the disadvantage of the former, with those in the 'Faëry Queen' and the 'Inferno.' Perhaps the most striking illustrations of the poet's descriptive power are to be found in the somewhat longer composition entitled, 'The Twa Maryt Wemen and the Wedo.' The night piece, especially, is elaborately artistic; but the morality of the whole is less to be recommended.

The leading characteristics of Dunbar's genius are variety and force. His volume has been compared to Tantallon Keep, grim and girt with flowers. It is a medley in which tenderness and exuberance, blistering satire and blooming fancies, meet. Allowing for some superfluity of decoration, his language is remarkably condensed: in general, every line carries its own picture or idea. Speaking more directly from his own experience, he interests us more than his contemporaries succeed in doing. His writings are only in a minor degree bound up with the politics of his age, and though they reflect its fashions, they often take a wider range, and appeal to universal sympathies. He has not wearied us with any very long poem. His lyrical inspiration and satirical animus find vent within moderate bounds, but they are constantly springing up at different points, and assuming various attitudes. At one time he is a quiet moralist, like Horace, philosophizing on the golden mean; at another he is as fierce as Juvenal. The story of the battle between the 'Tailor and Souter' might have been written by Rabelais; the 'Devil's Inquest' is the original of the 'Devil's Drive'; the 'Meditation on a Winter's Walk' is not unworthy of Cowper. Mr Pinkerton writes as if he preferred Dunbar to Chaucer. 'He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, the qualities of the chief old English poets; the morals and satire of Langland; Chaucer's humour, poetry, and knowledge of life; the allegory of Gower; the description of Lydgate.' He forgets that the highest attributes of Chaucer's genius is unrepresented in Dunbar. The nobler characters of the 'Canterbury Tales' are absent from the pages of the Scotch poet: there is no pattern of

chivalry, no pious and learned parson, no snow-white Constance, or all-enduring Griselda. We have to strike out the dramatic element from Chaucer, and then begin to compare them.

Dunbar's position with regard to the Reformation is that of a wholly unconscious precursor. Like Erasmus he railed against the friars and their indulgences—'quorum pars fuit'—and lashed with his scorn the upstarts who had crept into places of dignity in the Church, but there is no reason to suspect that he was more or less than a good Roman Catholic in his creed. His poems on the Confession and the Resurrection, his orisons and hymns, are written in the best spirit of Romanism. He had none of the protagonist spirit which is required to assail the traditions of a thousand years. Of a generally buoyant and probably luxurious temper, he, like most satirists, seems at times to have taken a gloomy view of the world. 'All earthly joy returns in pain' is the refrain of one of his poems; '*Timor mortis conturbat me*' of another. As to Catullus, whom he more than once recalls, the '*atra dies*' forms a background to all his gaiety. In the following sonnet he has summed his idea of life—

'What is this life but ane straucht way to deid
Whilk has a time to pass & nane to dwell
A sliding wheel us lent to seek remeid
A free choice given to Paradise or Hell
A prey to death whom vain is to repell
A short torment for infinite gladness
A short ane joy for lasting heaviness.'

There is something in this morbid morality indicating the satiety of an exhausted worldling; but on other occasions, as in the lines beginning—

'Be merry, man, & tak not sare in mind
The wavering of this wretched warld of sorrow,'

he takes a more cheerful view. This is another proof of his versatility. On one side we have '*Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas;*' on the other, the *Philosophie Douce.*

IV. The progress of our rapid and necessarily superficial sketch has brought us to the commencement of our fourth period of Scotch literary history, that which begins with the reign of James V. The great event of this period was the reformation of religion, a revolution which, in Scotland even more decidedly than throughout the rest of

northern Europe, was rendered imperative by the moral and political degeneracy of the Church. The first half of the 16th century was a transition age, exposed to all the perils which accompany instability, and the process of shifting from one set of convictions to another, but in our island especially the transition was inevitable. Evils, which elsewhere might have been smoothed over or abated, had grown up unchecked in our remote corner of the Catholic world, and attained a height which called for sweeping measures. 'The old national traditions of Scotland,' writes Mr Froude, 'which for some centuries held it together in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; its organic life as a separate nation died there; and the anarchy which followed during the long minority of James V. resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their fathers' castles, spent a few years in Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo-cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth preparation, produced as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.'

The Scotch Church in those days was the head and front of this offending. The nobles who held the crozier differed from those who held the sword only in adding a transparent hypocrisy to their character of profligate feudal chiefs. With the old monks asceticism was a shield; with the later ecclesiastics it was a pretext. Professed celibates, they had no wives, but their elder sons generally succeeded them in their benefices. In England this was the exception;[1] in Scotland it was the rule. A sense of those greater evils awoke in the hearts of the Scotch people, proverbially intolerant of half measures, the desire for a greater change than that in which the English people, proverbially prone to compromise, had acquiesced, and after half a century of persecution and years of social war had goaded them to decisive action they rose, under the leadership of a few vigorous minds, to pull down the foundations of the rotte

[1] Query—F. J. Furnivall.

During the period in which the elements of this movement were fermenting, our attention is directed to three classes of writers :—

1. Those who either belonged to the Church, or stood apart from the stream of change in the lighter walks of literature.

2. Those who followed with bolder steps in the track of Dunbar, and satirized the moral corruption of the Establishment.

3. Those who led the Reformation. Of the great literary representatives of this last class, George Buchanan and John Knox, we can have nothing here to say. We must be satisfied to indicate a few of the authors belonging to the first, and dwell at somewhat greater length on the leading representative of the second, Sir David Lyndesay.

1. One of the most accomplished of the Church dignitaries of those times was JOHN BELLENDEN, secretary of the Earl of Angus, and afterwards (1536) Archdeacon of Moray, the author of two laborious translations—one from Boyce's, the other from Livy's history —among the best specimens of Scotch prose that have come to us from the writer's age. Besides these, and some minor treatises, Bellenden is the author of a work of considerable length in verse, called 'The Proheme of the Cosmographie,' an amplification of the ancient apologue of the 'Choice of Hercules,' that may in several passages be favourably compared with Hawes's 'Pastime of Pleasure.' It is worthy of note that, while adhering to the conservative party in the Church, and an opponent of religious reform, Bellenden was an advocate of liberal measures in general politics. The combination is common among his countrymen.

Among other writers in the same path during the same age, it may here suffice to mention JAMES INGLIS, abbot of Culross, author of a poem entitled 'A general satire,' and possibly of a curious specimen of old Scotch prose, 'The Complaynt of Scotland;' ALEXANDER BARCLAY, a Scot by birth, author of 'the Ship of Fools;' SIR RICHARD MAITLAND, father of the famous Lethington, and author in his old age of several light satirical verses, in which Protestant and Roman Catholic errors are reprimanded with equal severity; WILLIAM LAUDER, a sermonizer, and a denouncer also of Popish doctrine and Protestant avarice; GEORGE BANNATYNE, a diligent guardian of

old verse, himself the author of some very readable lines; ROBERT SEMPLE, a voluminous versifier of wars, in which he seems to have had part, as well as vigorous assailant of the Bishop of St Andrew's; and ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT, the learned and judicious principal of King's College, Aberdeen, author of some legal treatises, and a collection of poems entitled 'The Scholar's Miseries,' in which he sets forth in fairly humorous verse the difficulties, temptations, and troubles of a poor scholar striving to be honest. Among his other pieces there is a sprightly eulogium on the fair sex, entitled 'The Praises of Women,' which seems to have been composed in answer to some satire of the age. To a somewhat higher rank belong the verses of ALEXANDER SCOTT, a graceful poet of Queen Mary's reign, who has been called the Scotch Anacreon. The date of his birth, his profession, and parentage, are doubtful, though the introduction of technical terms into his writings has given rise to the belief that he was a jurist. He seems to have leant moderately to the side of the reforming party in the Church, but his verses are for the most part personal and amatory. From himself we learn that he was married, and deserted by his wife, a mishap from which his elastic temper made an easy recovery, leading him in his ripe years to satirize women in general, and yet leaving him the wish to be a lover in particular. The verses with the refrain, 'Abide with her thou lovest best,' are marked by even more than his usual elegance; as also the others, which open with the stanza,—

'Return thee, heart, homeward again,
And bide where thou wast wont to be;
Thou art a fool to suffer pain
For love of her that loves not thee.

This poet is fond of addressing his heart, but he persuades us that it was incapable of receiving very deep impressions. His playful rondels skim over the surface of light emotions like the Carews and Sucklings of the next age of English verse. Scott's longest composition is a 'New-Year's Gift to Queen Mary when she first came home,' in 1562, but its poetical merit is inferior to its historical interest. He is also the author of a humorous piece, written after the model and in the measure of 'Christ's Kirk o' the Green,' entitled 'A Jousting between Adamson and Sym.' It may be compared with Dunbar's

'Tailor and Souter,' or the old English 'Tournament of Tottenham.' These, with a few compositions of anonymous or doubtful authorship, nearly complete the list of works written in Scotland during this period, which were unconnected with the ecclesiastical movements of the age.

2. The powerful minds of this era were all more or less concerned in those movements; they were the soul and body of the time, and its really influential literature gave to them their form and pressure. In Scotland, as elsewhere during the 16th century, the satirists of the old were playing into the hands of the advocates of the new order of things, and with more or less of deliberate intention preparing the way for the approaching change. The interests of the Protestant Church were supported in the lighter walks of literature by several writers whose efforts may be classified as positive and negative, i. e. those who helped to give currency to the doctrines and new forms of worship of the reformers, and those who, directly or indirectly, threw various amounts of ridicule on the creed and ceremonial of the Roman Catholics. Under the first head there fall a number of versified translations of the Psalms and other parts of Scripture, especially the parables of the New Testament, which became popular in Scotland during the same age when Sternhold and Hopkins were performing the same work for the English Puritans. It is curious to observe that many of the religious pieces of this date were fitted to old ballad and hunting tunes, while, on the other hand, the airs of the Latin liturgy were travestied by the accompaniment of ribald words. The seriousness of the new thought was invading the province of the light music of the old world, while the burlesque of innovation fastened itself to the solemn chants of the ancient service. Among the invectives of those days, many of the most pungent were anonymous. The best known among their lesser authors were JOHN DAVIDSON, Regent of St Leonards' College; ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, EARL OF GLENCAIRN, who, with Knox, was zealously employed in pulling down the crows' nests; and HENRY BELNAVES, of Kirkcaldy, one of the defenders of the castle of St Andrew's. But the service rendered on the continent to the cause of reform by the learning and wit of Erasmus, was in our country shared by two writers, LYNDESAY and BUCHANAN, and we now pass

from a comparatively barren catalogue of minor names to a short survey of the career and writings of the former.

Sir David Lyndesay was the eldest son of David Lyndesay of the Mount, in Fifeshire, in which county he was born, probably about the year 1490, the junior by ten years of Luther and Sir Thomas More, the senior by ten years of Knox and Buchanan. In 1508 he was a student of St Andrew's, and passed from the university to the service of the court. In 1513 he was present with James IV. in the chapel at Linlithgow, when the supposed apparition came to warn that monarch against undertaking the expedition which resulted in the disaster of Flodden. Subsequently he was for some years attendant, or gentleman-usher, to the young prince James V., a circumstance to which he alludes in the course of those frequent appeals for promotion which recall to our minds the similar petitions of Dunbar.

In the introduction to his 'Dreme' (1528) he thus appeals to the kindly memories of the monarch, then just entering on his regal office:—

'Quhen thou wes young, I bure the in myne arme
Full tenderlie, till thou begowth to gang;
And in thy bed oft happet thé full warme;
With lute in hand, syne softlie to thé sang;'

then he tells him how, mingling amusement with instruction, he entertained his childhood with the heroic feats of Alexander and Arthur, with 'tales of Thebes and Troy divine.' A year later, in the 'Complaynt,' he again reminds the prince,

'Quhow, as ane Chapman beris his pak
I bure thy grace upon my bak;
And, sumtymes strydlingis on my nek
Dansand with mony bend and bek,
The first sillabis that thow did mute
Was, "pa da lyn, upon the lute;"'

adding a suggestive reference to the gossip of the court,—

'Than men tyll uther did recorde
Said Lyndsay wald be maid ane lorde,
Thow hes maid lordis, schir, be sanct Geill,
Off sum that hes nocht seruit so weill.'

On another occasion we hear of his mingling personal remonstrance with his characteristic vein of satire. This circumstance is narrated

as follows:—'The king being one day surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lyndesay declared himself a candidate for an office that had lately become vacant. "I have," said he, "servit your grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are; and now your maister taylor, at the pleasure of God, is departit, wherefore I would desire of your grace to bestow this little benefit upon me." The king replied that he was amazed at such an application from a person who could neither shape nor sew. "Sir," rejoined the poet, "that maks nae matter; for you have given bishoprics and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can neither teach nor preach."'[1] This satire is perhaps not exclusively applicable to Lyndesay's age; but as he himself appears to have enjoyed a comfortable pension in addition to the revenue from his estate, it is not easy to feel much sympathy with his demands for a peerage. In 1530, however, two years after the accession of James to the throne, he was knighted, and made Lyon-king of Arms, or chief court herald, in which capacity he was, during the following year, despatched on an embassy to the Emperor Charles at Brussels. The year 1535 was made memorable in Lyndesay's literary career by the representation of the great and severe 'Morality,' entitled the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.' In this satire he came boldly before the public as a censor of ecclesiastical corruption, but it contains comparatively little that is absolutely inconsistent with the essential professions of a good Catholic, and we learn from a letter of Sir William Eure, dated 1540, that its publication was supposed to have been of really effective service in imposing a check on 'the naughtiness in religion, the presumption of bishops, the collusion of the Consistory courts, and the misusing of priests,' that were so prevalent. In the same year we hear of the poet's being sent on another embassy with a view to the negotiation of a royal marriage, an event to which he refers in a line of the remarkably vigorous, if not always delicate, verses, entitled, 'The answer to the Kingis Flyting.' The line—

'Sum sayis thare cummis ane bukler furth of France'

points to 1536 as the date of the composition. In 1537 the king's

[1] See Henry Charteris's Preface to Lyndesay's Works, *infra*, p. 4*.

wife, Magdalene, died, within forty days after her arrival in Scotland, and before her coronation, for which great preparations had been made, took place. Lyndesay wrote a dirge, or 'Deploratioun,' on the event, which, although evidently the expression of a second-hand grief, is marked by a classic mournfulness, a sustained dignity, suitable to the commemoration of a nation's loss, and here and there by a touch of pathos. It may be compared, though unfavourably, with Chaucer's 'Lament for the Duchess.' The metre is the Chaucerian rhyme royal, and the 147th line,

'Twynkling lyke sterris in ane frostie nycht,'

points to the writer's familiarity with the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, from which it is transcribed verbatim. In allusion to the untimely plucking of the 'heuinly flour of France,' the Rose, from the stem of the royal Thistle on to which it had been grafted, he gracefully concludes—

'Thocht rute be pullit frome the leuis grene
The smell of it sall in dispyte of thee
Keip ay twa Realmes in Peice & Amite,'

a prediction which the new alliance in the following year, with Mary of Guise—although neither very gracious to the memory of the late queen, nor fortunate for the interests of our nation—helped to make good. In 1542 the poet was present at Falkland, and witnessed the death of the king, who had throughout his career treated him with a conspicuous and, under some of the circumstances, a remarkable favour. Shortly afterwards we hear of Lyndesay as one of the adherents of Arran's regency. From 1543-46, an interval which indicates a gap in his literary career, he sat in parliament as the representative of his county, and as late as 1548 he continued to be employed by the government on important missions to Holland and Denmark. Meanwhile, in 1546, the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, an event which the poet celebrates without regret in his 'Tragedie,' marked the first crisis of the Reformation. Lyndesay, who had always been a Protestant, and now avowed it openly, espoused the cause of the insurgents. He was present in 1547 with the garrison in the castle of St Andrew's, and would have had a claim on our remembrance, if for nothing else, from the fact that he was among the most urgent of those

there assembled in persuading Knox to assume the spiritual direction of affairs. In 1550 he wrote his 'Squire Meldrum,' a tale of chivalry grafted on a basis of modern manners, the spirit of which is somewhat alien to that of the sterner section of the reformers with whom the poet had become associated; and three years later his 'Monarche,' the most elaborate, if not the most striking, of his works, which probably conveys his matured views of religious history.

In 1555 we hear of Lyndesay presiding over a meeting of heralds, held for the purpose of pronouncing on some disputed point of his pseudo-science. In his latter days he retired to his family seat, the Mount, and died at some date previous to 1558. He left behind him some tracts on heraldry, and, according to one account, a history of his own times in Latin; if this existed, it has not been preserved, and his reputation as a writer depends on his poems. These are all more or less connected with the condition and government of Scotland during the times in which he lived. To the lightest as to the gravest—ranging from sombre allegories and denunciations of national depravity, to lively ridicule of fashionable follies—he has attached satirical and political applications.

'The Dreme,' probably the earliest of his works, is one of the most imaginative. In the prologue to this poem, which Dr Warton praises for the richness of its style, the poet is described as rising from his bed after a sleepless winter night, and walking towards the sea-shore.

> 'By this,' he says, 'fair Tytane with his lemis lycht
> Ouer all the land had spred his baner brycht.'

Wandering on the beach, and hearing the birds mourn for the summer, he sees in the cliffs 'ane lytill caue of stone,' and ensconces himself there with the intention of registering in rhyme 'sum mery matter of Antiquitie.' But, as often occurs to would-be poets in similar circumstances,

> 'Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie,
> Scho maid so dull my spretis me within
> That I wyste nocht at quhat end to begin.'

Then by the weltering of the waves, which remind him of 'the false world's instability,' he is lulled asleep, and led in fantasy by Dame

Remembrance, as Sackville by the shade of sorrow, 'in twinkling of ane ee' 'down through the eird' to the nether world. There he sees abundance of popes, kings, emperors, and cardinals; among them Nero and Pharaoh, and 'divers princes mo,'—'Oppressouris of the barnis of Israell,'—of 'Emprices, Quenis, and ladyis of honouris,' and reflects on their vices; next, he passes to purgatory, with the safe remark,—

'But yit I do believe and ever sall
That the trew kirk can no waye err at all.
Sic thing to be gret clerkis dois conclude,
Quhowbeit my hope standis most in Cristis blud.'

He is then hurried through limbo, the abode of unbaptized infants —where, as in Virgil's hades, 'mony babbis ware makand drery mone' —and the heathen of old time, to the upper air, and the seven spheres, and the region of the moon, 'Queen of the sea and beauty of the night.' Lastly, in a flight beyond the stars, he ascends, like Dante, to the empyrean; there he wishes to remain, but he is warned by Remembrance that he must first pass through the toils of earth. In returning there, through many 'goodly states and kingdoms,' he catches a glimpse of the garden of Eden, the description of which presents some remarkable points of comparison with that of Milton. Next, the poet sees his native country, and breaks into a soliloquy on the charm of her rivers, fountains, forests, the wealth of her mines, and the abundance of everything needful for human wants and luxuries. In the midst of this he wonders

'That ryches suld nocht in this realme redound,'

and his conductress answers,—

'As for the land it lakis na uther thing
Bot laubour and the pepylles governyng.'

While she is further expatiating on the causes which have hampered its prosperity, they encounter the figure of an old man with lean visage, who declares himself to be Sir Commonweal, resolved to quit a country whose Policy has gone to France, where Justice has lost her balances, where Wrong is captain of the ordinance, and it is impossible betwixt the Merse and Lochmaben to tell an honest man from a thief. This leads to a general satire on all classes of the community, in the course of which the ecclesiastics come in for their full

share of censure. Sir Commonweal then takes his departure. The poet is carried back to his cavern, and roused from his dream by the firing of cannon from a neighbouring vessel. He concludes with an exhortation to the king to rule his realm in unity and peace, to maintain justice, live temperately, and take an honest wife, remembering that the day will come when he too must stand at the same judgment bar as all those emperors and popes.

In one of the lines of the above-mentioned poem, Sir Commonweal is made to exclaim—

'Wo to the realme that has ouir young ane king.

In Lyndesay's 'Complaynt,' written in the following year, this thought is enlarged, and the poet, in a remonstrance addressed to James himself, laments the evil results of the premature committal of the government into his hands, and the false system of education into which he was betrayed by his flatterers. The freedom of this expostulation is, at least, as remarkable as its vigour; and it reflects no small credit on the youthful monarch that he was content to answer the appeal of his outspoken adviser by some verses of his own. In the course of the 'Complaynt,' Lyndesay indicates that he had already gone more than half across the border-line of Protestant and Roman Catholic beliefs, for he prays his grace to cause the spiritualitie of the realm

'To preche with unfenzeit intentis
And treuly use the sacramentis
Efter Christis institutionis,
Leuyng thare vaine traditiounis
Quhilkis dois the syllie scheip illude
Quhame for Christ Iesus sched his blude—
As superstitious pylgramagis
Prayand to grauin ymagis
Expres aganis the Lordis command.'

The date 1530 is, on the authority of the earliest printed edition, that of the 'Testament of the Papyngo,' in which, under the mask of two epistles to the king from a favourite and mortally-wounded parrot, another direct attack is made on the more flagrant corruptions of the Church. It has been observed that in this poem Lyndesay follows the steps of Wyclyffe, in attributing the profligacy of the clergy in great measure to their wealth, and in insisting on the desirability

of a return to the poverty of the apostolic age. This error of exaggeration—if it be so—was more consistently upheld by the English than by the Scotch reformer, whose own personal requisites showed no genuine disdain of the good things of the world; but it was a sentiment naturally engendered by the study of Church history, and the observation of the parallel growth of luxury and indifference among the higher ecclesiastics.

Perhaps the most remarkable verses in Lyndesay's 'Papyngo' are those in which, following in the track of Juvenal and all later satirists, he dilates on the text of Horace–

> 'feriuntque summos
> Fulmina montes.'

The history of the Stewarts, which, in the soberest record, reads like a series of chapters from the '*De casibus virorum illustrium*,' supplies him with ample material for the enlargement, and he puts it to effective rhetorical, if not poetical, use. The tragedies of the luckless race are brought before us in a review, which is sufficiently impressive, even though, when Lyndesay wrote, the crowning tragedy of the Stewart Queen had not yet been enacted. From the fate of James IV. the poet passes to a consideration of the rise and temporary disgrace of James Beaton, Archbishop of St Andrew's, who, as

> Chancellare and primate in power pastorall
> Clam, nyxt the kyng most heych in this regioun
> The ledder schuke, he lape, and gat ane fall.'

He then proceeds to discourse of Wolsey in terms that might have afforded a hint to Shakspeare. Sixteen years afterwards, when David Beaton, the nephew of the former chancellor, had risen to still greater eminence and notoriety, and, similarly abusing his power, had paid by his own death for the murder of Wishart, Lyndesay was, as we have seen, found consenting to his fate. In the 'Tragedy of the Cardinal' he puts into the mouth of the dead potentate a confession of his past ambitious treasons, a vivid narrative of his doleful end, a solemn warning to his brother ecclesiasts to take warning from his fate, and an exhortation to princes to choose their servants warily and well. Some of the lines in this piece are among the most impressive in the author's works. It was avowedly suggested by Boccaccio, and may

be compared with Dunbar's 'Testament of Kennedy.' Lyndesay more than once borrowed from Chaucer. It is impossible to read the 'Mirror for Magistrates' side by side with the 'Papyngo,' and the verses on Beaton, without feeling convinced that Sackville must have afterwards borrowed from Lyndesay

Of Lyndesay's other minor pieces, the most prominent are the 'Complaynt of Bagsche,' an old dog of the court, who, having been replaced by a fresh favourite, is made the mouth-piece of a lament on the changes of fortune, and some good advice thus indirectly proferred to the new courtiers of the time; the 'Jousting of Watson and Barbour,' which again recalls Dunbar's 'Tailor and Souter,' ridiculing at once the medical profession to which those gentlemen belonged and the fantastic fashion of tournaments; 'the Supplication to the King in contemplation of Syde Taillis,' a satirical assault on the long trains which appear to have been worn by the court ladies of that age, whose robes and veils seem to have excited a greater amount of indignation in the mind of the moralist than the occasion could well have called for; and 'Kitteis Confessioun,' a somewhat elaborate attack, belonging to about the year 1541, on one of the most essential ceremonies of the Church. Many of Lyndesay's references point to abuses of the confessional, as an instrument of inquisition into the details of private life, precisely similar to those which are, with whatever amount of justice, complained of in this century. In one suggestive passage the girl, into whose mouth the verses are put, refers to the substitution, not peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, of scarce intelligible formularies for good works. She is speaking of her confessor—

'And mekle Latin he did mummil
I hard na thing but hummil bummil
. . . . . .
He bade me nocht to Christ be kynd
To keip his law with hart and mynd
. . . . . .
And lufe my neighbour as my sell
Of this na thenk he could me tell
But gave me penance ilk ane day
An Ave Marie for to say
. . . . . .
Of all this penance I was glaid
I had thame all parqueir I said

To mow & steill I ken the pryce

. . . . . .

Yet is it nocht bot mennis drame
The people to confound & schame.'

He ends, however, with a commendation of confession as practised in the 'gude kirk primitive,' to which, with equal confidence, the reformers of the Church have in all times been wont to refer.

In his history of 'Squyre Meldrum,' of a later date (1550), Lyndesay comes before us in another light, weaving into the form of a metrical romance the career and exploits of a contemporary Scotch laird. This, both from the liveliness of the narrative, which is frequently entertaining, the frequent elegance of the descriptions, and the general smoothness of the verse, is one of the most pleasing of the author's works. It opens with a reference to the antique tales, after which it is avowedly modelled; in particular, to Chaucer's Troylus and the Lancelot of Arthurian tradition, with whom, it is averred, the hero will bear a very favourable comparison; he is then described in glowing colours, stalwart, and stout of frame, brave, and courteous, and honourable, a lamb among ladies, a lion among men. We are then told of his feats of prowess, when the Scotch admiral sailed against England, and of his rescuing a lady who was beset by ruffians. The Squire then proceeds to France, where he wrought great deeds, under the Earl of Arran, overpowering in a tournament, which is described at graphic length, a notorious English champion, who was something of a braggart. After more feats in Normandy, he sets sail with his companions for Scotland; on the way, they encounter an English man-of-war, and, from its superior size, are in danger of being overpowered; but the squire leads an assault on the enemies' vessel, and, defeating the captain in single combat, takes him prisoner, after, in remarkably courteous terms, sparing his life. In reaching his native country, the knight lodges in a castle, possessed by a fair young widow, to whom, as Æneas to Dido, and, with a similar result, he narrates his adventures. The love scene which follows is very lively, and, though recalling some of the passages from the old 'Morte D'Arthur,' original in its details. The squire and lady are virtually affianced, but obstacles intervene to prevent their formal union. Meanwhile, his good fortune excites the jealousy of an evilly-

disposed neighbour; he is beset by a number of ruffians, and, after a scuffle, nearly resembling that of the brave knight in the 'Braes of Yarrow,' is nearly done to death. The tragedy is that, when his wounds are healed, he finds his lady married to another. The whole poem is a remarkable instance of the successful adaptation of the manners of one age to the facts of another.

The earlier of Lyndesay's two longest works, the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits,' is interesting in itself as a well-sustained invective against the follies and vices of the time, and as being the first approach to a regular dramatic composition in Scotch literature, the ground having been previously occupied only by some of the rudest of the old mysteries and pageants. This play, which is, in fact, a 'Morality' on a large scale, was acted at Cupar, in 1535. We are informed that the court of King James sat nine hours to listen to it, and are relieved to learn, from lines 1910—25, that there was a break in the middle, to allow the audience to refresh and restore themselves.

The 'Satyre' is introduced, after the fashion of the moralities, by a prologue, put into the mouth of 'Diligence,' who, in some remarkably alliterative lines, beginning—

> 'The Father & founder of faith & felicite
> That your fashion formed to his similitude
> And his sone our Saviour scheild in necessitie,'

ushers in King Humanity. This monarch enters on the stage with a speech full of the best resolutions, but presently he is seduced by the arguments of three evil counsellors, Wantonness, Placebo, and Solace, to send for a notorious beauty, called Sensuality, who, serving Queen Venus, corrupts his court, especially his clergy, and, for a season, himself. In her train are three other personages, Flattery, Falsehood, and Deceit, who, after discoursing for some time in *propriâ personâ*, take the names of Devotion, Wisdom, and Discretion, and are installed, like wolves in sheep's clothing, as Confessor, Counsellor, and Treasurer to the king, whom they address in character, Flattery telling him, in a passage where there is an amusing jumble of little and great, that he is destined to conquer, among other nations—

'Spittelfield & the realm of Spain,
Renfrew and all the realme of Francé
Yea Rugland[1] and all the realme of Rome [1 Rutherglen]
Corstorphine and all Christendom.'

The unsuspicious sovereign welcomes the impostors, whose first efforts are successfully directed to resist three new-comers, who try to bring back better manners to the court. First, Good Counsel, on false information given to the king, is driven into exile; then Veritie appears with good advice to princes on her lips,

'And in hir hand beirand the New Testament;'

but as this is 'in English toung & printit in England,' *the first estate spiritual* unanimously denounce her as a heretic, who, with 'all thir Lutherians,' should be destroyed by fire. Refusing to recant her opinions, Truth is finally laid in the stocks, having first given utterance to the boldly emphatic words:—

'For our Christ's sake I am richt weill content
To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace
Howbeit ye put ane thowsand to torment
Ten hundreth thowsand sall rise into their place.
Get up! thou sleipis all too lang, O Lord,
And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun
On them that dois tramp doun thy gracious word.'

Next, Chastity comes forward; being indignantly repulsed by the *second estate*, the *lords temporal*, she seeks refuge with the *third, that of the craftsmen*, but she is driven away by the citizens' wives, and laid in durance along with Truth.

A varlet now enters, announcing the approach of 'King Divine Correction,' who turns out to be a more powerful champion of the right. Deceit, Flattery, and Falsehood take fright:

'Remaine we heir, be God him sell
We will be, al thre, hangit,'

and ultimately run away with the strong box of their master. Then Correction comes on the stage in person, and, after delivering a sermon, in which a very modern view of sovereignty is set forth,—

'Quhat is ane king? nocht but ane officiar
To caus his leiges live in equitie,'

compels Humanity to reinstall Good Counsel, Truth, and Chastity in his service, warning him of the fates of Sardanapalus and Tarquin.

'Sensuality' is allowed to depart for Rome, to dwell among bishops and cardinals. The king is advised to assemble parliament for the redress of grievances, and with a proclamation summoning this, the first part of the play comes to an end.

The second opens with an interview between Diligence and a poor man, called Pauper, who tells how, when his family fell into misfortunes, his father and mother dying, the neighbouring vicar and his clerk preyed upon their property, till he was stripped of everything, down to a single groat, which he had reserved in the vain hope of obtaining legal redress. Diligence scouts his folly, and while Pauper lies down to sleep over his cares, a new personage steps upon the stage—the favourite butt of Langland, Wyclyffe, and Chaucer, the immediate provoker of Luther's first challenge to Rome, —a Pardoner, with his relics for sale. After complaining that his business had been seriously injured by the wicked translators of the New Testament, he proceeds, in the fashion of an auctioneer, to vaunt his wares, among which are oyster-shells from Tartary, the horn of Colin's cow, the gruntil of St Antony's sow, and the cord that hanged John Armstrong, proclaiming to his audience, like Tetzel—

> 'Thocht ye have na contritioun
> Ye sall have full remissioun
> With help of Buiks & bells.'

This worthy is then received into the house of a shoemaker, whom, by a strange rite, he divorces from his wife. Then follows a dialogue between Pauper and Pardoner, in the course of which the latter takes from the former his solitary groat. At the end they have a scuffle, and the relics are thrown into the water. The Three Estates are next represented as coming from the palace, 'going backwards, led by their vices.' Summoned before the king in parliament, they suffer a long rebuke from 'Sir John the Commonweill,' who comes forward in person to accuse them, and, in the course of a long conversation with Good Counsel, Correction, and others, gives, as the sum of a good Christian's belief, what amounts to an old Scotch version of the Apostles' Creed, followed up a little later by a plain practical sermon from 'Doctour.' While the various vices and abuses of the day are

coming in for their share of reprehension, Pauper again renews his complaints, and gives the following ludicrous account of his suit for the recovery of a lost horse:—

'Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
And I ran to the consistory, for to pleingie,
And there I happenit amang ane greedy meingie.
They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum;*
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum;*
In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum,*
And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum.*
But I could never ane word yet understande him,
And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
But or they came half gate to *concludendum,*
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo* bade me come again;
And then thir rooks they rowhit wonder fast,
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last;
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
But I gat never my gude gray mare again.'

Shortly after, Sir Commonweal is promoted to his proper place of dignity in the realm, and Diligence reads a set of new Acts for its better regulation, conspicuous among which are the administration of justice without respect of persons, the prohibition of pluralities in church livings, and the permission of honest marriage to the clergy. Falsehood and Deceit are then stripped of the religious robes which they have sacrilegiously assumed, and executed along with Theft, who appears as a personification of the border clans. Flattery escapes by turning hangman. At the close, Folly appears on the stage with a variety of jests, and preaches on the text, 'Stultorum numerus infinitus.'

Lyndesay's 'Dialog concerning the Monarché,' the longest and also the latest of his works, was written in 1553, five years before his own death, and twelve after that of the king, the want of whose guidance, and the absence in France of the youthful queen, he deplores in the introductory Epistil. In the same preface he warns his reader against looking in this work for any of the flowers of rhetoric,—it is to be a plain simple history, with a moral attached, conveying a lesson of warning to governors, who are to learn from it the causes of the

decline and fall of nations. In the opening of the poem itself, however, Lyndesay reverts to the allegorical manner of his 'Dreme,' representing himself, under the name of Courtier, as entering a park on a May morning, and being met by an old man who turns out to be Experience, and to whom he expresses his intention of retiring from public life in search of tranquillity. Experience tells him that this is scarcely to be attained in this world, 'sen mennis lyfe bene bot battel,' full of storms and tribulations. Whereupon the poet proposes to set down what he can hear from his instructor regarding 'the miserable estate of the world.' Before entering on his task he offers an apology for writing in his native tongue, unlike those clerks who wish to prohibit the people from reading even the Scriptures for themselves. He defends himself by a series of examples. 'Moses did not promulgate his laws in Greek or in Latin, nor did Plato philosophize in Dutch, nor did Virgil write in Arabic. St Jerome translated the Bible into "his proper toung Romane": had he been born in Argyleshire he would have turned it into Irische.' Therefore, the poet proceeds—

'Therefore I thynk one gret divisioun
To heir thir Nunnis & Systeris nycht and day
Syngand and sayand psalmes & orisoun
Nocht understandyng quhat thay syng nor say
Bot lyke ane stirlyng or ane Papingay
Quhilk leirnit ar to speik be lang usage
Thame I compair to byrdis in ane cage.'

The poem then proceeds, in some 6000 lines, beginning with the creation, to recount the rise and fall of the great ancient kingdoms of the earth. The early chapters are occupied with a somewhat wearisome version of early Bible history; then follows a long account of the Assyrian monarchy from Ninus to Sardanapalus. This tiresome narration is relieved at one point by a digression, suggested by one of the interruptions of Courtier (who plays the part of one of the tame interlocutors in a Socratic dialogue) on Idolatry. Lyndesay takes this occasion of giving his own view regarding the proper use of images, which is, to serve as reminders of the true objects of worship, and never to be substituted for them. He then passes, in some vigorous eight-line verses—remarkable as forming a link between

the Chaucerian heptastich and the Spencerian stanza—to his favourite theme, the reproof of the friars and bishops of his own day, who are, to his mind, the worst of idolaters. Prayer, he maintains, should, after the pattern of the Paternoster, 'one schort compendious orison,' be addressed to neither saint nor angel, only to God himself. He ends with a verse, slightly modified from one in the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits'—

> 'Gett up! thow slepist all to lang, O Lorde,
> And mak ane haistie reformatioun
> On thame quhilk doth tramp doun ye gratious worde
> And hes ane deidly Indignatioun
> On thame quhilk makith trew narratioun
> On thy Gospell, schawing the verytie.
> O Lord! I mak the supplicatioun,
> Supporte our Faith, our Hope and Charytie.'

Fortunately for our patience Lyndesay passes over the history of the three remaining monarchies of Daniel's prophecy—the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman—in comparatively few pages. In his survey of the last, he takes occasion to give an account of the siege of Jerusalem, and then of the crucifixion of Christ, which brought down the divine anger on the guilty race. He concludes this part of the book with the reflection that as all those monarchies have passed, 'the great empires are melted clean away,' so the world itself seems drawing to an end. But first, in another section, he prophesies the overthrow of the fifth and worst monarchy of all, the great tyranny of modern times, that of the Church. This gives him an opportunity of once more inveighing against the luxury, covetousness, and hypocrisy of the court of Rome, and again calling aloud for a general reformation. Lastly, after a reference to the Pope himself as Antichrist, he ventures on an attempt to calculate the date of the millennium itself. He thinks the earth destined to endure altogether 6000 years. Of these, 2000 passed from Adam to Abraham, 2000 between Abraham and Christ; as he writes, 1553 of the remaining 2000 have passed—447 are to come. If Lyndesay is right, 317 of these have now passed, 130 are yet to come. Napier, a contemporary of the poet, less cautiously fixed the date of the same event in 1688, which year only saw the advent of William of Orange. Towards the close of the 'Monarche' we have some

powerful verses about the signs of the times boding the last judgment. The following is, for the author, unusually poetical—

'We see the gret globe of the firmament
Continuallie in moveyng marvellous
The Sewin Planetes contrary thare intent
Are reft about, with course contrarious
The wynd and See with stormys furious
The trubblit air with Frostis, Snaw, and Rane
On to that day they travell ever in pane.'

The whole concludes with a description of the sunset, and an appeal to the charitable judgments of the gentle readers.

In the Prologue to his 'Monarche,' Lyndesay speaks modestly of his own skill as a poet. Like the Roman Persius, he acknowledges that he has never slept on the summit of Parnassus, nor kept company with the Muses, nor drunk of Helicon's mellifluous fresh stream: his inspiration, religious rather than secular, is drawn from the contemplation of the hill of Calvary; and he prays that the miracle of Cana may be renewed in his case, converting the cold water of his instruction into wine. This criticism of the poet by himself may be accepted as, on the whole, correct. He, in common with many other authors of his country, is rather a man of keen thought and action, bent on recording and popularizing his intense convictions, than a professional writer. The predominating bent of his own mind and the temper of the times were alike unfavourable to the production of finished works of art. He had no inclination, like Plato's ideal philosopher, to take shelter in solitude. His whole life was spent amid the politics of a stormy age, and we need not wonder that the pressure of public affairs, similar to that which during the period of his secretaryship held in abeyance even the mighty genius of Milton, exercised an unfavourable influence on the literary productions of a man who had more talent than genius, and who wrote, *currente calamo*, on such various themes with an almost 'fatal facility.' Lyndesay's greatest admirers have confessed that 'he has written so many verses that they cannot always be expected to reach a very high standard.' Ellis compares him unfavourably with Dunbar, and even with Douglas, and attributes his wide popularity as much to the opinions which he professed as to his poetical merit. There are passages in the 'Dreme,' and in 'Squire

Meldrum,' and in the 'Monarche,' especially in the descriptions of the morning and evening voices of the birds, which, for harmony of versification and grace of imagery, may be safely laid alongside of any corresponding to them in the works of his predecessors. But his writings are unequal, and in the main more distinguished by humour and good sense than by high flights of imagination. He himself speaks of his 'raggit rural verse,' and passes not unwillingly from more delicate fancies to discourse on the grave matters, with the rehearsal of which he desires rather to edify than to delight his readers. Vivacity, force, and courage, are his leading characteristics, and to these we ought to add, as enhancing the interest of his work, a keen power of observation—quickened by a varied knowledge of courts and cottages—which could seize on the main features of the society around him, and depict them in a faithful, though a somewhat rough outline. His learning in Latin, law, history, and divinity must have been considerable; but his reference to Hesiod as 'the perfyte poet soverane' of Greece, throws an imputation either on his familiarity with Greek or on his taste as a critic. His style is generally clear and incisive, and, though frequently disfigured by a superabundance of aureate terms, leaves us little room to doubt of the author's meaning.

Spotswood, speaking of Lyndesay's skill in heraldry and other public affairs, says that 'he was much hated by the clergy'—a fact which is not surprising; yet that he 'went unchallenged and was not brought in question'—a fact which, in face of the works we have roughly analyzed, is very much so. During the life of James V. he was probably protected by the forbearance or even the connivance of a monarch who, although a Romanist, was too much of a free-liver to be inspired by the spirit of persecution, and who relished the somewhat broad wit of the guardian, on whose shoulders he had ridden in childhood, more than he objected to his theological theories. On the death of the king the prestige of this favour may have remained with him; the Roman Catholic party were, perhaps, not bold enough to harass a courtier who wielded so keen a pen; and, after 1546, when war had been openly declared, the Protestants showed that they could defend themselves.

Lyndesay seems to have been by nature predestined to forward the great national movement of the 16th century in Scotland—a movement which the attitude and social position of some of its leaders have caused to be misinterpreted.[1] It was in its essence an uprising of the mass of the people, necessarily finding its mouthpieces in men of a higher rank, and such the author of the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits' fairly recognized it to be. He may almost be said to have been born a Protestant. His earliest differ from his latest works in being somewhat less explicit, less fully developed in the doctrinal views which they enunciate; but in his 'Complaynt' and 'Papyngo' we already find more than the germs of an afterwards fully-developed revolt against the most fundamental principles of the Roman Church. In the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits,' as in the 'Monarche,' he directly attacks almost all those points of faith and practice peculiar to Roman Catholicism, and lays down as the true basis of Christian belief an adherence to the leading tenets upheld by the Reformers of his age. Beyond their range Lyndesay had never ventured. He is a Calvinist of the 16th century, with a firm belief in original sin and reprobation, more tolerant of sins of blood than errors of brain, rejoicing with Tertullian over the agonies of the damned.

'Sō thare Ioyis salbe without missour
They sall Rejoyis to se the gret dolour
Off dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment
Because of God it is the Iuste Iudgement.'

He rejects, as fiercely as Milton rejected, all intervention of mere human authority in religious matters; he will listen to neither priest, nor cardinal, nor pope; but the question of the meaning and extent of inspiration never occurs to him. To have the Bible, and to read it literally, is enough for him, as for Knox; and we may question whether the great satirist would not have been ready to approve the most intolerant acts and sentences of the great preacher. A German bishop at the Roman conclave has just found it necessary to remind his audience that they do not live in the 14th century. We ought,

[1] I especially refer to the error of Mr Buckle, who, while giving a perfectly accurate representation of the present state of theological feeling in Scotland, has misapprehended the springs of the Scotch Reformation.

on the other hand, to remember that Lyndesay and his compeers did not live in the 19th; that in the storms through which they fought there was more need of the hot heart and strong arm than the philosophic head; that in history, and especially the history of Scotland, the thunder and the whirlwind of iconoclasm have often had to come before the still small voice.

On Ladronis for to loip, ȝe wyll nocht lat, — Your attentions are indiscriminate;
Howbeit the Caribaldis cry the corinoch.
Remember how besyde the masking fat
ȝe caist ane quene overthort ane stinking troch;
That feynd, with fuffilling of his roistit hoch,
Caist doun the fat, quharthrow, drink, draf, & iuggis — think of their ignominious issue!
Come rudely rinnand doun about ȝour luggis.

Wald God the Lady that luffit ȝow best,
Had sene ȝow thair ly swetterand lyke twa swyne! — weltering like swine.
Bot to indyte how that duddroun wes drest,
Drowkit with dreggis, quhimperand with mony quhryne!
That proces to report, it wer ane pyne.
On ȝour behalf I thank God tymes ten score, — I thank God for your preservation.
That ȝou preseruit from gut & frome grandgore.

Now, schir, fairweill! because I can nocht flyte; — I cannot scold.
And thocht I could, I wer nocht tyll auance
Aganis your ornate Meter to indyte.
Bot ȝit be war with lawbouring of ȝour lance! — But beware!
Sum sayis thare cummis ane bukler furth of france, — a Queen comes from France, who will satisfy you.
Quhilk wyll indure ȝour dintis, thocht thay be dour.
Fairweill! of flowand Rethorik the flour!

Quod Lindesay in his flyting
Aganis the Kingis dyting.

[K 3]

THE COMPLAINT

AND

PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN OF THE KINGIS AULD HOUND

CALLIT

BAGSCHE,

DIRECTIT TO BAWTE, THE KINGIS BEST BELOUIT DOG,
AND HIS COMPANȝEONIS.

MAID AT COMMAND OF KING JAMES THE FYFT,
BE SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY OF THE MONT KNYCHT,
Alias LYOUN KING OF ARMES, &c.

To whom shall I plain in my extreme need?

ALlace! quhome to suld I complayne
In my extreme Necessitie?
Or quhameto sall I mak my maine?
In Court na Dog wyll do for me.
Beseikand sum, for Cherite,

bear my humble prayer to the king's favourite dogs.

To beir my Supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawte,
Now or the king pas of the toun.

I have followed the Court until I am no more able.

I haue followit the Court so lang,
Quhill in gude faith I may no mair;
The Countre knawis I may nocht gang;
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I wait nocht quhare to repair;

When I had place and power I never dreaded this.

For quhen I had authorite,
I thocht me so familiar,
I neuer dred necessite.

I rew the race that Geordie Steill
Brocht Bawte to the kingis presence;
I pray God lat hym neuer do weill,
Sen syne I gat na audience.
For Bawte now gettis sic credence,
That he lyis on the kingis nycht goun,
Quhare I perforce, for my offence,
Man in the clois ly lyke ane loun.

Plague on the day that Bawté was brought to the king.

[K 3, back]
He supplanted me as favourite.

I lie in the outer passage like a villain.

For I haif bene, ay ȝit this hour,
Ane wirrear of lamb and hog;
Ane tyrrane, and ane Tulȝeour,
Ane murdreissar of mony ane dog.
Fyue foullis I chaist outthroch ane scrog,
Quharefor thare motheris did me warie;
For thay war drownit all in ane bog:
Speir at Ihone Gordoun of Pittarie,

I have worried lambs and one-year-old sheep.

Ask of John Gordon

Quhilk in his hous did bryng me vp,
And vsit me to slay the deir;
Sweit milk and meill he gart me sup:
That craft I leirnit sone perqueir.
All vther vertew ran arreir,
Quhen I began to bark and flyte;
For thare was nother Monk nor freir,
Nor wyfe nor barne, but I wald byte.

who reared me.

I respected neither monk nor friar.

Quhen to the King the cace was knawin
Of my vnhappy hardines,
And all the suth unto hym schawin,
How euerilk dog I did oppres,
Then gaue his grace command expres,
I suld be brocht to his presence.
Nochtwithstanding my wickitnes,
In Court I gat greit audience.

When the king heard of my viciousness,

he had me brought to Court and preferred me.

[K 2]

I showed my ingratitude to old friends.

☞ I shew my greit Ingratitude
To the Capitane of Badȝeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me fude
Two ȝeir, with vther houndis mo.
Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew hich into the Court,

I wrought them wo.

For his reward I wrocht hym wo,
And cruellie I did hym hurt.

So thay that gaue me to the King,
I was thare mortall Enemie.

I cared for nought but to please the king;

I tuke cure of na kynd of thing,
Bot pleis the Kingis Majestie.

but when he heard of my misdeeds, he ordered me to be hanged,

Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falset and my plane oppressioun,
He gaue command that I suld be
Hangit without confessioun.

but took pity on me on account of my old age.

And ȝit because that I was auld,
His grace thocht petie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald;
Than set my fais for to fang me,
And euery bouchour dog doun dang me.

I became an outcast and a butt.

Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
Than in the court ilk wicht did wrang me,
And this I gat for my rewaird.

I nearly strangled Makesoun;

I had wirreit blak Makesoun,
Wer nocht that rebaldis come and red;
Bot he was flemit of the toun.
Frome tyme the king saw how I bled,
He gart lay me vpon ane bed,

he fled from the town.

For with ane knife I was mischeuit.
This Makesoun for feir he fled
Ane lang tyme or he was releuit.

[K 2, back]

And Patrik Striviling in Ergyle, — Patrick Stirling
I bure hym bakwart to the ground, — I sorely mangled.
And had hym slane within ane quhyle,
War nocht the helping of ane hound.
3it gat he mony bludie wound,
As 3it his skyn wyll schaw the markis.
Find me ane Dog, quhare euer ye found, — Find me a dog that has made so many bloody shirts.
Hes maid sa mony bludie sarkis!

Gude brother Lancęman, Lyndesayis dog, — Brother Lanceman,
Quhilk ay hes kepit thy laute,
And neuer wirryit lamb nor hog,
Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Baute, — pray the court favourites
Of mę, Bagsche, to haue pitie,
And prouide me ane portioun — that I may have an asylum in Dunfermline
In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dre
Pennance for my extortioun.

Get be thare Solistatioun,
Ane letter frome the Kingis grace,
That I may haue Collatioun,
With fyre and Candil in the place. — with fire and candle.
Bot I wyll leif schort tyme, allace! — I will live short time unless I get fresh flesh for my maw.
Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis;
Betuix Aswednisday and Paice,
I man haue leue to wirrie Lambis.

Baute! considder well this bill, — Bawté, ponder over this Schedule;
And reid this Cedull that I send 3ow, [K 1]
And euerilk poynt thareof fulfill,
And now in tyme of mys amend 3ow. — take warning by me;
I pray 3ow that 3e nocht pretend 3ow
To clym ouer hie, nor do na wrang; — climb not too high.
Bot frome 3our fais, with richt defend 3ow,
And tak exemple quhow I gang.

I was beyond all interference of man or dog.

I was that na man durst cum neïr me,
Nor put me furth of my lugeing;
Na dog durst fra my Denner sker me,
Quhen I was tender with the king.

Now every cur tramples me down.

Now euerilk tyke dois me doun thring,
The quhilk, before, be me war wrangit,
And sweris I serue na vther thing,
Bot in ane helter to be hangit.

Though ye are now familiar with the king,

Thocht ȝe be hamelie with the King,
ȝe Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawte,

oppress not your neighbours,

Be war that ȝe do nocht doun thring
ȝour nychtbouris throw authorite!
And ȝour exemple mak be me,
And beleif weill ȝe ar bot doggis;
Thocht ȝe stand in the hiest gre,

bite no lambs nor ewes,

Se ȝe byte nother lambs nor hoggis.

Thocht ȝe haue now greit audience,
Se that be ȝow be nane opprest;

else a time of punishment will come.

ȝe wylbe punischit for ȝour offence,
Frome tyme the King be weill confest.
Thare is na dog that hes transgrest
Throw cruelte, and he may fang hym,
His Maieste wyll tak no rest,

The gallows gapes for every transgressor.

Tyll on ane gallous he gar hang hym.

[K 1, back] I was *as far ben* (intimate) as you are.

I was anis als far ben as ȝe ar,
And had in Court als greit credence,
And ay pretendit to be hicar;
Bot quhen the Kingis excellence
Did knaw my falset and offence,
And my prydefull presumptioun,
I gat none vther recompence,

I am now halloed out of town.

Bot hoyit and houndit of the toun.

Wes neuer sa vnkynd ane corce,
As quhen I had authorite;
Of my freindis I tuke na force,
The quhilkis afore had done for me.
This Prouerb, it is of verite,
Quhilk I hard red in tyll ane letter:
" Hiest in Court, nixt the weddie,
Without he gyde hym all the better."

I paid no attention to my friends.

Next the throne, next the halter!

I tuke na mair conſpt of ane Lord
Nor I did of ane keiching knaif.
Thocht euerilk day I maid discord,
I was set vp abone the laif;
The gentill hound was to me slaif,
And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed;
The sillie raichis wald I raif;
Thus for my euill deidis wes I dred.

I accounted no more of a lord than of a kitchen knave.

The hounds and raches were my slaves.

Tharfor, Bawte, luke best about,
Quhen thow art hiest with the King;
For than thow standis in greitest dout,
Be thow nocht gude of gouerning.
Put na pure tyke frome his steiding,
Nor ȝit na sillie Ratchis raif;
He sittis abone that seis all thing,
And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

Bawte! look about you. When highest, you are in greatest danger, if not on your good behaviour.

Drive no cur from his station.

[Signature L.]

He sits above who can turn a knight into a knave.

Quhen I come steppand ben the flure,
All Rachis greit roume to me red;
I of na creature tuke cure,
Bot lay vpon the kingis bed,
With claith of gold thocht it wer spred;
For feir, ilk freik wald stand on far,
With euerilk Dog I was so dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar.

I used to lie on the king's bed.

Every dog trembled when I was near.

Brother Bawtè!
Gude brother Bawte! beir the euin,
Thocht with thy Prince thow be potent;
It cryis ane vengeance from the heuin,
do not oppress the innocent.
For till oppres ane Innocent.
In welth be than most vigilent,
And do na wrang to dog nor beiche,
As I haue, quhilk I now repent:
Do not rob.
Na Messane reif, to mak the riche.

Nor, for augmenting of thy boundis,
Ask no reward to others' hurt.
Ask no reward, schir, at the king,
Quhilk may do hurt to vther houndis,
Expres aganis Goddis bidding.
Chase no poor cur from his midden.
Chais na pure tyke frome his midding,
Throw cast of Court, or Kingis requeist.
And of thy self presume no thing,
Except thow art ane brutall beist.

Traist weill thare is none oppressour,
[L, back]
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
No wrong-doer will henceforth be spared.
Ane Tyrrane, nor ane transgressour,
That sall now of the King get gude,
Frome tyme furth that his Celsitude
Dois cleirlie knaw the verite;
Bot he is flemit, for to conclude,
Or hangit hich vpon ane tre.

Though your leashes be silken, and the swivels of silver, a mountain dog may come from Balquhidder
Thocht ȝe be cuplit all to gidder
With silk, and swoulis of syluer fyne,
Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhidder,
And gar ȝow leid ane lawer tryne.
Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
And all your treddingis gar ȝow tyne,
and displace you.
Than sall ȝour laubour be forlorne.

I say no mere! gude freindis, adew,
In dreid we neuer meit agane!
That euer I kend the Court, I rew;
Wes neuer wycht so will of wane.
Lat no Dog new serue our Seuerane,
Without he be of gude conditioun!
Be he peruerst, I tell 3ow plane,
He hes neid of ane gude Remissioun.

That I am on this wily mischeuit,
The Erle of Hountlie I may warie;
He wend I had bene weill releuit,
Quhen to the Court he gart me carie.
Wald God I war now in Pittarie!
Because I haue bene so euill dedie,
Adew! I dar no langer tarie!
In dreid, I waif in till ane wyddie.

Adieu!

I rue that ever I knew the Court.

I curse the Earl of Huntly.

Would I were now in Pittarie. I have been such a malefactor, I dread that I shall wave in a halter.

FINIS

[Sign. L ii]

ANE SUPLICATION

DIRECTIT FROME SCHIR DAUID LYNDESAY, KNICHT, TO THE KINGIS GRACE,

IN CONTEMPTIOUN OF SYDE TAILLIS.

Your Grace has reduced the Highlands and the Borders to order;

SChir, thocht 3our grace hes put gret ordour
Baith in the Hieland and the Bordour,
3it mak I Supplicatioun,
Tyll haue sum Reformatioun

still there remains one small fault to be reformed.

Of ane small falt, quhilk is nocht Tressoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to Ressoun.

The matter is too vile for an ornate style.

Because the Matter bene so vyle,
It may nocht haue ane Ornate style;
Quharefor, I pray 3our Excellence
To heir me with greit Pacience.
Of stinkand weidis maculate

A rose chaplet cannot be made of foul weeds.

No man may mak ane Rois Chaiplat.
Souerane, I mene of thir syde taillis,

I refer to these low-hanging skirts which drag through the mire.

Quhilk throw the dust and dubbis traillis,
Thre quarteris lang behind thare heillis,
Expres agane all Commoun weillis.

Though bishops have train-bearers for their pontifical robes,

Thocht Bischoppis in thare pontificallis
Haue men for to beir up thare taillis,
For dignite of thare office;
Rychtso ane Quene, or ane Emprice,—
Howbeit thay vse sic grauite,

[1 *orig.* Comformand] and queens for their royal robes,

Conformand[1] to thare Maieste,—
Thocht thare Rob Royallis be vpborne,
I think it is ane verray scorne

That euery Lady of the land
Suld haue hir taill so syde trailland!
Howbeit thay bene of hie estait,
The Quene thay suld nocht counterfait.
Quhare euer thay go, it may be sene,
How kirk and calsay thay soup clene.
The Imagis in to the kirk,
May think of thare syde tailis Irk,
For quhen the wedder bene most fair,
The dust fleis hiest in the air,
And all thare facis dois begarie!
Giue thay culd speik, thay wald thame warie.
To se I think ane plesand sicht,
Of Italie the Ladyis bricht,
In thare clething most triumphand,
Aboue all vther christin land.
3it quhen thay trauell throw the townis,
Men seis thare feit beneth thare gownis,
Four Inche abone thare proper heillis,
Circulat about als round as quheillis;
Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,
Thare fair quhyte lymmis to suppryis.
Bot I think maist abusioun,
To se men of Religioun
Gar beir thare taillis throw the streit,
That folkis may behald thare feit.
I trow sanct Bernard nor sanct Blais
Gart neuer man beir vp thare clais;
Peter, nor Paule, nor sanct Androw,
Gart neuer beir vp thare taillis, I trow.
Bot I lauch best to se ane Nwn,
Gar beir hir taill abone hir bwn,
For no thing ellis, as I suppois,
Bot for to schaw hir lillie quhyte hois.
In all thare Rewlis, thay will nocht find,
Quha suld beir vp thair taillis behind.

I think it disgraceful that every lady should have her skirts so long.

28 [L ii, back]

They sweep the pavements clean.

32

They begrime the images in church.

36

The ladies of Italy

40

show their feet

four inches under their dresses.

44

48 As for those churchmen,

52

Peter and Paul had no trains nor train-bearers.

56 It is ridiculous to see nuns with [sign. L iii.] their tails borne behind them;

60

but worst of all, every dirty cinderella must have two ells of skirt below her knees.

Bot I haue maist in to despyte,
Pure Claggokis cled in roiploch quhyte,
Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thare feis,
Wyll haue twa ellis beneth thare kneis.
Kittok, that clekkit wes ȝistrene,
The morne wyll counterfute the Quene.
Ane mureland Meg that mylkis[1] the ȝowis,
Claggit with clay abone the howis,
In barn nor byir scho wyll nocht byde,
Without hir kirtyll taill be syde.
In Burrowis wantoun burges wyiffis,
Quha may haue sydest taillis stryiffis,
Weill bordourit with Ueluoit fyne:
Bot following thame, it is ane pyne!
In Somer quhen the streitis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abone the skyis!
None may go neir thame at thare eis,
Without thay couer mouth and neis,
Frome the powder, to keip thare ene.
Consider giue thare Cloiffis be clene!
Betuixt thare cleuing, and thare kneis,
Quha mycht behald thare sweitie theis,
Begairit all with dirt, and dust,
That wer aneuch to stanche the lust
Of ony man that saw thame naikit.
I think sic giglottis ar bot glaikit,
Without profite to haue sic pryde,
Harland thare claggit taillis so syde.
I wald thay borrowstounis barnis had breikkis,
To keip sic mist fra Malkinnis cheikkis;
I dreid rouch Malkin de for drouth,
Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
I think maist pane, efter ane rane,
To se thame towkit vp agane;
Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
Thare faldingis flappis about thair feit,

[1 *orig.* mylkit]

It is a nuisance to walk behind them;

you get nose, mouth, and eyes full of dust.

What of their own limbs?

[L ill, back]

'Twere well they had breeches.

What an exposure when their skirts are tucked up!

Thare laithlie lyning furthwart flypit,
Quhilk hes the muk and midding wypit.
Thay waist more claith within few 3eiris,
Nor wald claith fyftie score of freiris.
Quhen Marioun frome the midding gois,
Frome hir morne turne scho strypis[1] the nois.
And all the day quhare euer scho go,
Sic liquour scho likkith vp also;
The Turcumis of hir taill, I trow,
Mycht be ane supper till ane sow.
I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane Kittokis claithis,
And wald haue done, I wait nocht quhat;
But sone remeid of lufe he gat:
He thocht na schame to mak it wittin,
How hir syde taill was all beschittin!
Of filth sic flewer straik till his hart,
That he behouit for till depart.
(Quod scho) sweit schir, me think 3e rew!
(Quod he) 3our tail makis sic ane stew,
That be sanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it!
3e war nocht wyse, that wald nocht hyde it.
Of Taillis I wyll no more Indyte,
For dreid sum Duddroun me despyte.
Nocht withstanding, I wyll conclude,
That of syde Taillis can cum na gude,
Syder nor may thare hanclethis hyde;
The remanent proceidis of pryde,
And Pryde proceidis of the Deuill;
Thus alway thay proceid of euill.
☞ Ane vther fault, Schir, may be sene:
Thay hyde thare face all bot the ene.
Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
Without Reuerence thay slyde away,
That none may knaw, I 3ow assure,
Ane honest woman be ane hure.

What a waste of cloth too!

[1 *orig.* strypit]

The accumulations on their skirts might serve a pig for supper.

Don't let it be seen!

[L iiij; no sig.]

Skirts lower than the ancles come from pride, and pride from the Devil.

Another fault.

They hide their faces.

You can't tell a decent woman from a whore.

Without thare naikit face I se,
Thay get no mo gude dayis of me!
The French ladies have better manners. Hails ane Frence Lady quhen ȝe pleis,
Scho wyll discouer mouth and neis,
And with ane humill countenance,
With Uisage bair mak reuerence.
It's well enough to wear a covering in the rain. Quhen our Ladyis dois ryde in rane,
Suld no man haue thame at disdane,
Thocht thay be couerit, mouth and neis.
In that cace thay wyll nane displeis;
Nor quhen thay go to quiet places,
I thame excuse to hyde thare facis,
Quhen thay wald mak Collatioun
With ony lustie Companȝeoun;
[L iiij, back] Thocht thay be hid than to the ene,
ȝe may considder quhat I mene.
But they ought to show their faces in church and market. Bot in the kirk, and market placis,
I think thay suld nocht hide thare facis.
Without thir faltis be sone amendit,
My flyting, schir, sall neuer be endit;
Bot wald your grace my counsall tak,
Ane Proclamatioun ȝe suld mak,
Order them to show their faces and feet. Baith throw the land and Borrowstounis,
To schaw thare face, and cut thare gownis;
Nane suld fra that Exemptit be,
Except the Quenis Maieste.
Because this mater is nocht fair,
Of Rethorik it man be bair.
Will they call my words vile? Wemen wyll say this is no bourdis,
To wryte sic vyle and filthy wordis,
Let them cleanse the filth of their own tails first. Bot wald thay clenge thare filthy taillis,
Quhilk ouir the myris and middingis traillis,
Than suld my wrytting clengit be;
None vther mendis thay get of me!
The suith suld nocht be haldin clos,
Veritas non querit Angulos.

I wait gude wemen that bene wyse,
This rurall Ryme wyll nocht dispryse.
None wyll me blame, I 3ow assure,
Except ane wanteun glorious hure,
Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle.
Fair weill! 3e get no more of me!

Wise women will not find fault with me.

I don't care what strumpets may say.

Quod Lindesay in contempt of the syde taillis,
That duddrounis & duntibouris throu the dubbis traillis.

[L 4]

KITTEIS CONFESSIOUN,

COMPYLIT (AS IS BELEUIT) BE SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY OF THE MONT, KNICHT. &c.

THE CURATE, AND KITTE.

The Curate confessed Kittie;

The Curate Kitte culd Confesse,
And scho tàld on baith mair and lesse.
Quhen scho was telland as scho wist,
The Curate Kitte wald haue kist;
Bot ȝit ane countenance he bure,
Degeist, deuote, daine, and demure,
And syne began hir to exempne:—
He was best at the efter game.—
(Quod he) haue ȝe na wrangous geir?
(Quod scho) I staw ane Pek of beir.
(Quod he) that suld restorit be,
Tharefore delyuer it to me.
Tibbe and Peter bad me speir,
Be my conscience thay sall it heir.
(Quod he) leue ȝe in lecherie?
(Quod scho) Wyll Leno mowit me.
(Quod he) his wyfe that sall I tell,
To mak hir acquentance with my sell.
(Quod he) ken ȝe na Heresie?
I wait nocht quhat that is, (quod sche).
(Quod he) hard ȝe na Inglis Bukis?
(Quod scho) my Maister on thame lukis,
(Quod he) the Bischop that sall knaw,
For I am sworne that for to schaw.

he would fain have kissed her.

Had she stolen anything?

Did she live in unchastity?

Was she conscious of any heresy?

Had she any English books?

(Quod he) quhat said he of the King?
(Quod scho) of gude he spak na thing.
(Quod he) his grace of that sall wit,
And he sall lose his lyfe for it.
Quhen scho in mynd did mair reuolue,
(Quod he) I can nocht ȝow absolue,
Bot to my Chalmer cum at euin,
Absoluit for to be and schreuin.
(Quod scho) I wyll pas tyll ane vther;
And I met with schir Andro my brother,
And he full clenelie did me schryue,
Bot he wes something talkatyue.
He speirit mony strange cace,
Quhow that my lufe did me Inbrace,
Quhat day, how oft, quhat sort,[1] and quhare?
(Quod he) I wald I had bene thare!
He me absoluit for ane plak,
Thocht he na pryce with me wald mak,
And mekle Latyne he did mummill,
I hard na thing but hummill bummill,
He schew me nocht of Goddis word,
Quhilk scharper is than ony sword,
And deip in tyll our hart dois prent
Our Syn, quhairthrow we do repent.
He pat me na thing in to feir,
Quharethrow I suld my syn forbeir;
He schew me nocht the Maledictioun
Of God for Syn, nor the afflictioun,
And in this lyfe, the greit mischeif
Ordanit to punische hure, and theif.
Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
That I mycht feir, and vice refrane.
He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
And leid ane holy lyfe and clene.
Of Christis blude, na thing he knew,
Nor of his promisses full trew,

What did her master say of the King?

It should cost him his life.
[L 4, back]

He would give her absolution in his own chamber at even.
She would rather be excused, and would try another,

who was rather curious as to minutiæ,

[1 *orig.* scort]

but sympathetic withal, and absolved her for a pluck.

He showed nothing of God's word,

nor the divine displeasure with sin,

nor the paine of hell.

He did not counsel a holy life,

[L 8]

That saifis all that wyll beleue,
nor speak of faith in Christ, That Sathan sall vs neuer greue.
He techit me nocht for tyll traist
The confort of the haly Gaist;
He bad me nocht to Christ be kynd,
nor keeping His law. To keip his law with hart and mynd,
And loue and thank his greit mercie,
Fra Syn and hell that sauit me.
And lufe my Nichtbour as my sell:
Of this na thing he could me tell;
But he prescribed penance, Bot gaue me pennance, ilk ane day
Ane Aue Marie for to say,
And Frydayis fyue, na fische to eit;—
Bot butter and eggis ar better meit;—
and bade her buy a mass for a plack, And with ane plak to by ane Messe
Fra drounkin schir Iohne latynelesse.
(which she could earn again,) and go a (Quod he) ane plak I wyll gar Sande
Giue the agane with hande dande.
pilgrimage (the very way to corruption). Syne in to Pilgramage to pas,
The verray way to wantounes.
Of all his pennance I was glaid,
I had thame all parqueir, I said;
So now she knows the price of theft and uncleanness. To mow and steill, I ken the pryce,
I sall it set on Cincq and Syce.
Bot he my counsale culd nocht keip,
He fell asleep by the fire, He maid hym be the fyre to sleip,
Syne cryit, Colleris, beif, and Coillis,
Hois, and schone, with dowbill soillis,
Caikis, and Candill, Creische, and Salt,
Curnis of meil, and luflillis of Malt,
[L 8, back] Wollin, and linning, werp, and woft;
Dame! keip the keis of 3our woll loft.
and raved, being half-drunk. Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif;
And swa with vs thay play the knaif!
Freiris sweiris be thare professioun,
Nane can be saif but this Confessioun,

And garris all men vnderstand
That it is Goddis awin command;
3it is it nocht bot mennis drame,
The peple to confound and schame.
It is nocht ellis bot mennis law,
Maid, mennis myndis for to knaw,
Quharethrow thay syle thame as thay will,
And makis thare law conforme thare till;
Sittand in mennis conscience,
Abone Goddis Magnificence,
And dois the peple teiche and tyste,
To serue the Paip, the Antechriste.
To the greit God Omnipotent
Confes thy Syn, and sore repent;
And traist in Christ,—as wrytis Paule,—
Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy Saule;
For nane can the absolue bot he,
Nor tak away thy syn frome the.
Giue of gude counsall thow hes neid,
Or hes nocht lernit weill thy Creid,
Or wickit vicis regne in the,
The quhilk thow can nocht mortifie,
Or be in Desperatioun,
And wald haue Consolatioun,
Than till ane preichour trew thow pas,
And schaw thy Syn and thy trespas;
Thow nedis nocht to schaw hym all,
Nor tell thy Syn baith greit and small,
Quhilk is vnpossible to be,
Bot schaw the vice that troubillis the,
And he sall of thy saule haue reuth,
And the Instruct in to the treuth,
And with the word of verite
Sall confort and sall counsall the;
The Sacramentis schaw the at lenth,
Thy lytle faith to stark and strenth,

So friars gull the people.

Confession is only a human device,

pertaining to the service of Antichrist.

Confess thy sin to God.

He only can absolve.

You may show what weighs on [L 2] your conscience to a faithful preacher,

who will counsel you with the word of truth.

And how thow suld thame richtlie vse,
And all Hypocrisie refuse.
Confessioun first wes ordanit fre,
In this sort in the Kirk to be.
Swa to confes, as I descryue,
Wes in the gude Kirk Primityue;
Swa wes Confessioun ordanit first,
Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleue and birst.

Such was the only confession known in the primitive Church.

FINIS.

THE IUSTING

BETUIX

IAMES WATSOUN, AND IHONE BARBOUR,

SERUITOURIS TO KING IAMES THE FYFT,

COMPYLIT BE SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY
OF THE MONT, KNICHT, &c.

IN Sanctandrois on Witsoun Monnunday,
Twa Campionis tharemanheid did assay,
Past to the Barres, Enarmit heid and handis,
Wes neuer sene sic Iusting in no landis,
In presence of the Kingis grace and Quene,
Quhare mony lustie Lady mycht be sene.
Mony ane Knicht, Barroun, and baurent,
Come for to se that aufull Tornament.
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
And Iohne Barbour the vther Campioun;
Vnto the King thay war familiaris,
And of his Chalmer boith Cubicularis.
Iames was ane man of greit Intelligence,
Ane Medicinar, ful of Experience;
And Iohne Barbour, he was ane nobill Leche,
Crukit Carlingis he wald gar thame get speche.
Frome tyme they enterit war in to the feild,
Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
And wichtlie waiffit in the wynd thare heillis,
Hobland lyke Cadgeris rydand on thare creillis;
Bot ather ran at vther with sic haist,
That thay could neuer thair speir get in the reist.
Quhen gentil Iames trowit best with Iohne to meit,
His speir did fald amang his horssis feit.

At St Andrews on Whitmonday two champions met in tournament
[L 2, back]

In presence of the court, nobles, and gentle-folk:

James Watson, an experienced medicinar,

and John Barbour, a noble leech.

How they bore themselves on entering the lists;

their charging.

James's thrust landed among the horse's feet.

I am rycht sure gude Iames had bene vndone,
John took aim by the moon. War not that Iohne his mark tuke be the mone.
(Quod Iohne) howbeit *tho*u thinkis my leggis lyke rokkis,
My speir is gude: now keip *th*e fra my knokkis!
A parley. Tary (quod Iames) ane quhyle, for, be my thrift,
The feind ane thing I can se bot the lift!
Nomore can I (quod Iohne) be goddes breid!
I se no thing except the steipill heid!
[L 1] ȝit thocht thy braunis be lyk twa barrow tra*m*mis,
A second charge. Defend the, man! Than ran thay to, lyk ra*m*mis:
At that rude rink, Iames had bene strykin doun,
Wer not that Iohne for feirsnes fell in swoun;
And rychtso Iames to Iohne had done greit deir,
They break their spears. Wer not, amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
(Quod Iames) to Iohne, ȝit for our ladyis saikis,
Lat vs to gidder straik thre market straikis.
I had, (quod Iohne,) that sall on the be wrokin;
But or he spurrit his hors, his speir wes brokin.
Fro*m* tyme w*ith* speiris none could his marrow meit,
They draw swords, Iames drew ane sweird, w*ith* ane rycht auful spreit,
And ran til Iohne, til haif raucht him ane rout;
Iohnis swerd was roustit, & wald no way cu*m* out.
Tha*n* Iames leit dryfe at Iohne w*ith* boith his fystis;
He mist *th*e man, & dang vpon the lystis,
And w*ith* that straik, he trowit that Iohn was slane,
but fail in wielding them, His swerd stak fast, and gat it neuer agane.
Be this gude Iohne had gottin furth his swerd,
And ran to Iames with mony aufull word:
My furiousnes forsuith now sall thow find!
Straikand at Iames, his swerd flew in *th*e wind.
Tha*n* gentill Iames began to crak greit wordis,
Allace! (quod he), this day for falt of swordis!
Than ather ran at vther with new raicis,
and try boxing-gloves. With gluifis of plait thay dang at vtheris facis.
Quha wan this feild, no creature could ken,

Till at the last, Iohne cryit fy, red the men!
3e, red, (quod Iames,) for that is my desyre,
It is ane hour sen I began to tyre.
Sone be thay had endit that royall rink,
Into the feild mycht no man stand for stink.
Than euery man that stude on far, cryit fy!
Sayand adew! for dirt partis cumpany.
Thare hors, harnes, and all geir was so gude.
Louyng to God, that day was sched no blude.

60 No one could tell who was the [L 1, back] victor. Both had had enough of it.

64 The stench was intolerable.

68 No blood was shed.

FINIS.

Quod Lindesay, at command of
King Iames the Fyft.

(✣)

NEWLIE AND CORRECT-
lie Imprentit at Edinburgh, be Iohne Scot.
At the Expensis of Henrie Charteris. And
ar to be sauld in the said Henries
Buith, on the north syde
of the gait, abone the
Throne.
The 3eir of God .1568.
3eiris.

ANE DISCRIPTIOUN OF

PEDER COFFEIS

HAVING NA REGAIRD TILL HONESTIE IN THAIR VOCATIOUN.

[*From the Bannatyne MS., where it is attributed to Lyndesay.* Vol. I. leaf 162 *a*, top.]

I purpose to describe the entire race of pedlar knaves,

IT is my purpoiss to discryve
This hole[1] perfyte genolagie
Of pedder knavis superlatyve,

who set themselves up

Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
3e burges sonis prevene thir lownis,

and injure the good name of our burghs.

That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneiss it all borrow[s] townis.

Thay ar declarit in sevin pairtis;

A paltry dealer, who traverses the country buying fowls against a rise in price;

[1] Ane (scroppit cofe) quhen he begy*n*nis,
Sornand all and sindry airtis,
For to by he*n*nis reid-wod he ry*n*nis;
He lokis thame vp in to his inniß

he forestalls the market

Vnto aue derth, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wy*n*nis,

while he begs his food.

And secondly his meit he beggis.

A lying trafficker in old relics, deceives women

[2] Ane swyngeor coife, amangis the wyviß,
In land-wart dwellis w*ith* subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And sanis thame w*ith* deid me*n*is banis;
Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awsterne graniß,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder;

with canting voice.

Peipand peurly with peteouss graniß,[2]
Lyk fen3eit Symmye and his bruder.

[1] MS. *holy.* [2] should perhaps be *manis.*

[3] Thir (cur coffeis) that sailis oure sone,
And thretty sum abowt ane pak,
With bair blew bonattis and hobbold schone,
And beir bonnokkis *with* thame thay tak;
Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
At none quhen *mer*chantis makis gud cheir,
Steilis doun, and lyis behind ane pak,
Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Low traders who commence their voyage before the statutory opening of the season;

their means are so small that thirty combine to raise one pack.

[4] Knaifatic[1] coff misknawis him sell,
Quhen he gettis in furrit goun;
Grit Lucifer, maist*er* of hell,
Is nocht sa helie as that loun;
As he cu*m*is brankand throw the toun,
With his keis clynkand on his arme,
That calf clovin-futtit fleid custroun,
Will mary nane bot a burgess bairne.

A knavish huckster who rises to civic distinction

puts on airs

and aspires to the hand of a burgess's daughter.

[5] Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
Takis gudis to frist fra fre*m*mit me*n*,
And brekis his obligatioun;
Quhilk dois the marchand*is* defamatioun;
Thay ar reprevit for that regratour.
Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
To hang and draw that co*m*moun tratour.

[leaf 162 *b*]

A fraudulent bankrupt takes goods on credit from foreigners, and breaks through his obligations; he brings discredit to fellow-traders.

Hang and draw him!

[6] Ane curloreouss coffe, that hege skraper,
He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik,
That pedder brybour, that scheip-keipar,
He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
Syne lokkis thame vp, and takis a faik,
Betwix his dowb[l]ett and his Iackett,
And eitis thame in the buith that smaik;
God that he mort in to ane rakkett.

A niggardly curmudgeon, a wife-carl,

counts the cakes as they are baking,

keeps the keys of the pantry,

eats out of his pocket.

[1] MS. *knaifatica.*

A miser who will not use his money, but lives like a cursed wretch;

[7] Ane gader-all[†] coffe, he is ovir reche,
And hes na hap his gude to spend,
Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
And trestis nevir till tak ane end;
With falsheid evir dois him defend,

he grows in avarice.

Proceeding still in averice,
And leivis his sawle na gude commend,
Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wiss.

Show this to the provost,

I 3ow exhort all *that* is heir,
That reidis this bill, 3e wald it schaw
Vnto the provest, and him requeir,
That he will geif thir coffis the law,

that he may banish them from the Burgess Row to the Shoe Street;

And baneis thame the burgess raw,
And to the scho streit 3e thame ken;
Syne cutt thair luggis, that 3e may knaw,

and crop their ears, that they may be recognized.

Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

quod Linsdsay.

FINIS.

[†] The word in the MS. was at first *Cathedrall;* the first six letters have been altered by the writer himself, though it is not easy to say to what. *Gador-all* or *gathor-all* seems the most likely reading, although not perfectly certain. *Cathedrall*, given by Chalmers and others, is condemned by the original as clearly as by the sense.

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¶ The warkis of the famous and vorthie Knicht

Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont, Alias Lyoun King of Armes. Newly correctit, and bindicate from the former errouris quhairwith they war befoir corruptit: and augumentit with sindrie warkis quhilk was not befoir Imprentit.

~ (***) ~

¶ The contentis of the buke, and quhat warkis ar augmentit, the nixt syde sall schaw.

¶ Viuet etiam post funera virtus.
IOB. VII.
¶ Militia est vita hominis super terram.

¶ Newlie Imprentit be IOHNE SCOT, at the expensis of Henrie Charteris: and ar to be sauld in his Buith, on the north syde of the gait, abone the Throne.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.
ANNO. DO. M.D.LXVIII.

16311

THE CONTENTIS OF THIS BVKE FOLLOWING.

~ (✣) ~

¶ Ane Dialog betuix Father Experience and ane Courteour, of the Miserabill estait of the warld: deuydit in four bukis, or in four Monarcheis.

¶ The Testament and Complaynt of our Souerane Lordis Papingo, King Iames the Fyft.

¶ The dreme, direct to our said Souerane Lord, *quhairin ar contenit,*
¶ The diuisioun of the eirth.
¶ The descriptioun of Paradice.
¶ The descriptioun of the Realme of Scotland.
¶ And the Complaint of the Commoun weill of Scotland.

¶ Ane exhortatioun to the Kingis grace.

¶ The Complaint vnto the Kingis grace, *omittit in the Imprentingis of Rowen and Londoun.*

¶ The Tragedie of Dauid Betoun Cardinall, and Archebischop of Sanctandrois.

¶ The deploratioun of the deith of Quene Magdalene.

¶ Ane answer to the Kingis flyting, *neuer befoir Imprentit.*[1]

¶ The Complaynt and Confessioun of Bagsche, ye Kingis auld hound, direct to Bawtie, and his Companzeonis.

¶ Ane supplicatioun to the Kingis grace, in contemptioun of syde taillis, and missellit facis.

¶ Kitteis Confessioun.

¶ The Iusting betuix Iames watsone, and Iohne Barbour, familiar seruitouris to King Iames the Fyft.

Edition of 1582 *adds*

[¶ The Historie of the Squyer William Meldrum of the Benis,[2] *neuer befoir Imprentit.*

¶ The Testament of the said Squyer.]

[1] The words *Neuer befoir Imprentit* omitted in ed. of 1592.
[2] Ed. 1592 *Bynnis.*

11631

VNTO THE GODLIE AND CHRISTIANE REIDAR, HENRIE CHARTERIS WISCHIS GRÂCE, AND PEICE FROM IESUS CHRIST OUR SALUIOUR, WITH THE PERPETUALL ASSISTENCE OF HIS HALIE SPIRITE.

IT is the commoun and accustomit maner (gentill reidar) of all thame quhilk dois prohemiate vpon ony vther mannis wark, cheiflie * to trauel about twa pointis. The ane is, to declair the properteis of ye Authour, nocht onlie externall, as his originall, birth, vocatioun, estait, strenth, giftis of the bodie, substance, & maner of leuing: bot alswa internall: as the qualiteis, habites, & dispositiones of the mynde, his ingyne, knawlege, wisdome, giftis of the Spirit, and all vther vertewis quhilk culd iustlie be knawin to haue bene in him. Bot seing it is nocht monie ȝeiris past, sen it hes pleisit the eternall God to call our Authour out of the miserabill and trubilsum calamiteis of this transitorie lyfe, vntil his celestiall ioy, and heuinlie habitatioun, swa that the memorie of him is bot as ȝit recent, and not out of the hartis of mony ȝit leuand, to quhome his haill maner of lyfe was better knawin than vnto me, I think it not greitlie neidfull to tary the thairon, bot will remit the to lerne it at yair mouthis. The vther is, to declair his maner of wryting, the vtilitie of his warkis, & quhat frute, profite, and commoditie, may ensew and follow to the diligent reidar and reuoluar of the samin. Nouther in this is it greitly neidfull to me to trauell, seing the samin may be maist esilie & perfytelie knawin be his awin pen. For besydis the plesand and delectabill versis, besydis the craftie and ingenious poeticall inuentionis, besydis the frutefull and commodious Historyis, baith humane and diuine, baith recent and ancient, besydis the hailsum and notabill counsellis & admonitionis to Princis, to Prelates, and to all estatis, quhat vice or iniquitie rang in his dayis, quhilk he did not rebuke? not onlie of the spirituall, bot alswa of the temporall estait? quhat verteous or commendabill fact hes he not praisit, and desyrit to be had in the dew honour, and honorabill estimatioun? Bot gif we sall consider and wey the tyme, quhen he did wryte the maist pairt of thir warkis, being ane tyme of sa greit & blind ignorance, of manifest and horribill abhominationis and abusis: it is to be meruellit how he durst sa

planelie inuey aganis the wycis of all men, bot cheiflie of the spirituall estait, being sa bludie & cruell boucheouris. He neuer ceissit, baith in his graue and merie materis, in ernist & in bourdis, in wryting and in wordis, to challenge and carp thame. It cummis to my memorie ane prettie trik, quhilk sumtyme I haue hard reportit of him. The Kingis grace, Iames the Fyft, beand on ane certane tyme accumpanyit with ane greit nowmer of his Nobillis, & ane greit menȝe of Bischoppis, Abbottis and Prelatis standing about, he quiklie & prettilie inuentit ane prettie trik to teine yame. He cummis to the King, and efter greit dewgard & salutationis, he makis him as thocht he war [1] to requyre sum wechtie thing of the Kingis grace. The King persauand, demandis quhat he wald haue? he answeris: "Schir, I haue seruit ȝour grace lang, & lukis to be rewardit as vtheris ar. And now ȝour maister Tailȝeour at the plesure of God is departit; quhairfoir I wald desyre of your grace, to bestow this lytil benefite upon me, as ane part of reward of my lang seruice, to mak me ȝour maister tailȝeour." The King beleuand in dede his tailȝeour to be departit, sayis to him: "Quhairto wald thow be my tailȝeour? thow can nouther schaip nor sew?" he answeris: "Schir, that makis na mater: for ȝe haue geuin Bischoprikis and benefices to mony standing heir about ȝow: and ȝit can thay nouther teiche, nor preiche. And quhy may I not than as weill be ȝour tailȝeour, thocht I can nouther schaip nor sew; seing teiching and preiching is na les requisite to thair vocatioun, than schaiping & sewing is to ane tailȝeouris." The King incontinent persauit his consait, and leuch merilie thairat: bot the Bischoppis at sic bourding leuch neuer ane quhit. Na les ernist and vehement was he aganis thame, in his fairsis and publict playis, quhairin he was verray craftie & excellent. Sic ane spring he gaif yame in the play, playit besyde Edinburgh, in presence of the Quene Regent, and ane greit part of the Nobilitie, with ane exceding greit nowmer of pepill, lestand fra .ix. houris afoir none, till .vi. houris at euin, quhair, amangis mony baith graue materis, and merie trikkis, he brocht in ane Bischop, ane Persone, ane Freir, and ane Nun, deckit vp in thair papisticall ornamentis, and maner of rayment. And thairefter brocht in King correctioun, quha, reformand sindrie deformities in his Realme, passit to the tryall of his Clergie. And findand thame to be altogidder Idiotis, vnworthie of ony functioun ecclesiasticall, decernit thame to be degradit of thair digniteis, and spulȝeit of thair officis: quhilk beand executit, & thay denudit of thair vpmaist garmentis, thay war fund bot verray fulis, hypocrites, flatteraris, & nouchtie persones. Quhairby he signifyit to the pepill, that howsaeuer thay war estemit of the warld, thay had na thing quhairin thay iustlie glorie to be pastouris of Christis Kirk, and feidaris of his flock, bot onlie thair outward ornamentis, and triumphant tytillis. Bot beand inwardlie considerit, thay wald be fund bot

[1] sign. ✠ ij, back.

verray hyrelingis, enemeis to Christ & deuoraris of his flock. This play did enter with sic greif in thair hartis, that thay studyit be all menis to be auengit thairof. Thay conuenit thair prouinciall counsellis, thay consultit how thay suld best sustene thair kingdome inclynand to ruyne, quhilk laitlie had gottin sa publict ane wound: thay ȝeid about to haue his haill warkis condempnit for hereticall, and cessit not, in Kirk and market, publictlie and priuelie, to rage and rayll aganis him, as ane Heretike. Bot to return to our purpose. Nochtwithstanding the birnand fyre borne aganis him in thair breistis, the hatrent consauit in thair hartis, thair puissance and power euin in that tyme, quhen thay had the ball at thair fute, quhen nouther Prince, nor vther was abil to withstand [1] thame, ȝit culd thay neuer get power ouer this sempil man, nor haif yair hartis satiat of him. Thay had thair Canoun Lawis: thay had the Municipal Lawis of the Realme, and actis of Parliament haldin be yat samin King, quhame he seruit, with quhome from his ȝouth vp he conuersit, that na man suld ressoun or call in dout the authoritie of thair spirituall Father: that Imagis suld be honourit: that the libertie of halie Kirk (as thay namit it) suld be mantenit, and defendit. And gif ony war suspectit in ony hereticall point, aganis the commandementis of this yair Kirk, incontinent thay war cytit, thay war apprehendit, and incarcerat in strang presoun: & finallie thay war compellit outher to abiure (quhairthrow thay remanit infamit all thair dayis, nouther micht enioy honouris, nor dignitcis for thair tyme) or ellis thay behouit maist cruellie suffer the fyre. How cummis it than, that this our Authour being sa plane aganis thame, and as it war professit enemie to thame, culd eschaip thair snairis, quhen vtheris, in doing les, hes cruellie perischit? Sum will think, because his wryting was commounlie mixit with mowis, and colourit with craftie consaitis (as Chaucer and vtheris had done befoir) the matter was the mair mitigate. Bot this can not satisfie: for na mowis in sic materis culd mitigate thair bludie breistis. Sum will think because he was continuallie in Court, and seruit the King, he was esilie ouersene. Bot in my iugement, that is the greiter cause of offence: namelie to haif thair vaniteis and wickitnes publischit in Court and sicht of Princis. Nouther culd this be saiftie to vtheris. M. Patrik Hammiltoun Abbot of Feirn, being of the blude Royall, being ane man of greit literature, and of sic lyfe, that the verray enemeis thame selfis war enforcit to commend and allow him, ȝit did he nocht eschaip thair malice, bot sufferit cruell deith by fyre. Robert Forester, alswa gentilman, on the samin maner was tormentit. And howbeit thir did cruellie perische, ȝit in all agis, and in all nationes, it hes plesit God, of his greit mercy, to rais and steir vp his Prophetis and seruandis, quhame he hes michtilie preseruit, to repreif the generationis present of thair vnrichteousnes: to vtter and oppin to the pepill the corrup-

[1] leaf iii, not signed.

tioun than regnand: and, as it war, aganis the Deuill and the warld, to testifie his treuth, to walkin thame out of thair Ignorance. He steirit up the auld and ancient Doctouris, to impugne and stranglie to confute all heresyis springand and rysand. Bot thame at this present I will omit for breuitie, & will speik rather sumquhat sen corruptioun and superstitioun enterit amangis thame, quhilk war rewlaris and Pastouris of the Kirk of God: sen thay begouth to leif preiching of pure Christ, and to set up thame selfis: to conqueis Realmis, prouincis, and countreis: to subdew Princis and Potestates: and finallie to exalt thame selfis abone all that is callit God. In quhilk dayis war mony leirnit men & godlie Bischoppis in this cuntrie: as Seruanus, Columba, Aidanus, Finnanus, Colmannus, Leuinus, Gallus, and mony ma, quha baith in this Realme, and in Ingland, did lang de[1]bell, and hald out the Romische superstitionis and ceremoneis, as is at lenth contenit in the auld Historyis of Beda, and vtheris. He rasit vp alswa in the dayis of Carolus Magnus, twa of our cuntrie men, baith of greit eruditioun and leirning, the ane callit Iohne, surnamit Mailrosius: the other, Claudius Clemens. Thir twa passand out of Scotland, at command of King Achaius (as Boethius wrytis) to ye partis of France, come to Paris, and war the occasioun of the fundatioun of ye Uniuersitie of the samin, & sindrie vtheris, and war the first professouris of liberall sciences in thame. Nouther ceissit thay with ane Adelbertus ane Frencheman, and Bertramus, to inwey on ye stait of ye Kirk, than tendand and declynand fast to corruptioun, vntill Claudius, & Adelbertus war clappit in clois presoun, and Iohne departit the cuntrie, & come in Ingland, quhair (as sum wrytis) at the perswasioun of certane Monkis, he was slaine, be certane his awin discipulis, impacient of his admonitiones and correctionis. Efter thir, quhen the sindrie sectis of Freiris began to spring vp, he raisit in France Guilielmus de .S. Amore: Nigellus: Nicolaus, and Arnoldus de villa noua: in Italie ye Abbot Ioachimus Calaber: in Germanie, Hildegardis ye Prophetes, with sindrie vtheris, quhilk stranglie wrait aganis the superstitionis and Idilteth of the begging Freiris, and vther abusis of the Clergie. And howbeit yair admonitiones culd not be hard, nor thair writing tane in gude part, bot vtterlie reiectit and despysit, 3it war thay not cummit to that furie & rage, as to bruyle and scald quha sa euer suld speik aganis thame, bot contentit thame selfis with presoun or banischement of sic persones as war contrarious to thame, degraiding thame of thair digniteis and offices: and excommunicating thame out of thair Kirkis. Bot quhen thair iniquiteis was cummin to maturitie, God raisit vp in Ingland, Iohne Uicleif, quha, seand the haill ecclesiasticall estait to be altogidder corrupt: the word of God to be cummit to neglect and contempt: and mennis traditionis abone to be extollit: did maist ernistlie teiche, and wryte ane huge nowmer of volumis and bukis aganis

[1] leaf iii, back, not signed.

thame. Than was the beist vnquyetit of his resting sait, and began to rage and fret, to seik the deith and destructioun of this pure man. Bot all for nocht. The Lord did potentlie preserue him from yair snairis and girnis: and, nochtwithstanding all thair furie, [he] departit in the Lord in peice. And howbeit efter deith Rancour commounlie ceissis, ȝit xli. ȝeiris efter his deith, yai tuke vp his banis, and brint yame. Persewand alswa with maist extremitie all that adheirit to him, or did allow his doctrine, Thay brint the Lord Cobham, Schir Roger Actoun, Knicht, Williame Thorpe, Williame Tayleir, Richard Howeden, Iohne Cleydoun. Thay banischit Elenor Cobhame: thay murderit in presoun Iohne Astoun, Reginald Pecock, Bischop of Chichester, with ane infinite noumber ma. Thair was na end in thair furie. Quhill thay war thus busie in Ingland, began Iohne Hus and Hierome of Praga to preiche in Boheme, men of sic leirning and lyfe, that thay war in admiratioun [1] euin to the verray aduersaris tham selfis, quhairof remainis yit sufficient testimoneis writtin be Poggius, and vtheris of the Antichristiane menȝe. Thay, beand cytit to the counsall of Constance, come vpon ane saifconduct of Sigismundus the Empriour, than King of Boheme, present at the counsall; and thair gaif ane resoun & declaratioun of thair faith and doctrine: fra the constant professioun quhairof, quhen yai culd nocht be disswadit, thay, contrair the saifconduct, contrair all promises, cruellie brint thame, Satisfyand the Empriour with this godlie Law, of thair awin forgeing, *quod nulla fides sit hereticis seruanda:* Thair is na promis to be keipit to heretikes. Quhat fruto this gudelie Law hes wrocht, the battell betuix the Turk, and Lowes, King of Ungarie and Boheme, & the occasioun thairof, quhair the said Lowes perischit, to the greit hurt of all Christianitie, will declair: and mony vther histories alswa, quhilkis for schortnes I omit. Now our Prelates, laith to ly behind, willing to schaw yair gude seruice to ye halie Sait, apprehendit heir in Scotland, Paull Craw, teiching the doctrine quhilk Uicleif & Hus had teichit, & maid ane Sacrifice of him in Sanctandrois. And findand the sawour of this Sacrifice fragrant and smelland, thay tuke the Uicar of Dolour, Freir Kelour, Symsone, Bawerage, Kennedie, Stratoun, Gourlay and mony ma, quha, because yai culd not allow yair vaine superstitiones and Idolatries, expres aganis the commandement of ye Lord thair God, war cuttit of be the fyre. Thay had now lernit to dispute with fyre & faggot, for our auld Bischoppis & Pastouris war decayit, quhilkis war wont to be lampis, and as it war leidsternis, to all nationis adiacent: from quhome passit furth mony lernit men to all cuntreis, to Ingland, France, Germanie, Latowe, Pruse, and vther partis, as thair Chronikillis testifyis, plantand and teichand the Christiane faith, & all godlie sciencis. Bot now, dull Asynis had ascendit to thair rowmis, beand maryit with dame propertie, and riches, and fair lady

[1] leaf iv, not signed.

Sensualitie: and swa efter ye rait of vther Realmis, war becummit Idil bellyis, Ignorant blokkis, and dum doggis. Nouther war thay Idill in Italie: thair cruellie sufferit Thomas Rhedonensis the Carmelite. And in Florence the godlie blak Freir, Hieronymus Sauoronola. Thus continewand yair rage in all Realmes, euin to the vttermaist of yair power, it pleisit ye mercyfull God, of his greit mercy, & fauourabill lufe towartis man, quhairby he wald not haif man vtterlie to perische, to gif (as it war) lycht to the warld: and that be reueilling of his word and Euangel, be the mouthis of his seruandis Luther, Bucer, Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, Caluine, & mony vtheris: be quhome he hes discouerit yair cankerit corruptioun & auld festur in sic sort, yat na man (except he wilbe wilfullie blind) may not persaif ye vennome & fylth thairof. And ȝit hes ye maist part of yir (how saeuer ye poweris of ye warld hes bene contrarious to yame) departit in ye Lord, in quietnes. Now sum wil say, thir war preicheouris, & Ministeris of the word, and had bene sumtyme anoyntit schauelingis, markit [1]with the beistis mark, and had maid defectioun from thame, quhairfoir thay persewit thame the mair scharplie and cruellie. Bot the Lord Cobhame, Robert Forester, Straitoun, wer nouther schauelingis nor preicheouris. Richard Mekinnis, ane boy of .xvij. ȝeiris of age, brint in Londoun, was na preicheour. The lyke Iugement sufferit Maistres An Askew, with mony wemen, quhilk ȝit war na preicheouris. ȝit forther, sum will obiect the equitie of the tyme quhairin our Authoir leuit: that the power of the aduersaries was restraynit, that thay culd not rage and rin at ryot at thair libertie, and plesour, as thay war wont. And ȝit ane lytill befoir his deith thay brint .M. George Uischart, and Adam Wallace, Mariner. And schortlie efter our Authouris deith thay tuke the auld man Walter Mill, and cruellie brint him: althocht fra that fyre rais sic ane stew, quhilk struke sic sturt to thair stomokis, that thay rewit it euer efter. Than hes it not bene seriousnes intermixit with iocunditie: it hes nocht bene continuall abyding nor seruing in court, it hes nocht bene blude royall, nor fauour of Princes: nouther teiching nor preiching, nor equitie of tyme, culd be protectioun to ony aganis sa cruell and feirs aduersaries, of equall will, rage, and furie, indifferentlie aganis all. It is rather the prouydence, the Iugement, the power, and the inmensibill fauour and mercy of God towartis his sanctis and elect: quhilk vpon ye ane part, of his lufe towardis his chosin, to satisfie thair ſhrist, & desyre, quhilk thay had to be dissoluit, and to be with Christ, yat yai suld not be langer enforcit to behald ye wickit vaniteis of yis warld: Partlie, of his iust Iugement, because the warld was not worthie of thame, for it hes lufit mirknes rather yan licht, and delytit mair in leis yan in ye treuth. And partlie, to manifest to all pepill ye cruell, bludie, & insatiabil hartis of ye memberis of Antichrist, ye pilleris of the malignant Kirk, he did (as it wer) gif

[1] leaf iv, back, not signed.

ouir into yair handis, ye lyfis, ye possessionis, gudis, and quhatsumeuer externall thing yai had, to be maid mokking stokkis, & to be disponit at thair libertie, and plesour. On the vther pairt, to declair his michtie prouidence, and power, quhairby he wil not suffer ane hair of the heidis of his chosin to perische, but his permissioun: and to encorage his elect, seing yat nouther gude nor euill can fall vnto yame, by ye will of yair Father: he hes maist michtilie manteynit yame, amangis ye middis of yis malignant generatioun. This Iugement man we lykewise haif of our Dauid Lyndesay, to quhome we will returne, omittand the special abusis of the Clergie, for eschewing of prolixitie, & tediousnes, to be socht out of his awin warkis be ye diligent reidar. Now as he hes bene scharp and vigilant in marking ye enormiteis of the spiritualitie, swa hes he not bene negligent, nor sleuthfull in rebuking ye defaltis of ye temporalitie, and all estatis yairof. He hes not spairit King, Court, Counsalouris, Nobilitie, nor vtheris of inferiour estait. And howbeit yai war not altogidder cummit to sic corruptioun and furie, yat yai micht not beir mair equallie with generall admonitionis and reprochis, yan [1]the spiritualitie, 3it als lytill amendement followit in the ane stait, as in the vther. Quhat laubouris tuke he, that the landis of this cuntrie micht be set out in Fewis, efter ye fassioun of sindrie vthor Realmes, for the increes of policie, and richés? Bot quhat hes he profitit? Quhen ane pure man with his haill raice and offspring hes laubourit out yair lyfis on ane lytill peice of ground, and brocht it to sum point and perfectioun: than must the Lairdis brother, kinnisman, or surname, haif it: and ye pure man, with his wyfe & babeis, for all yair trauellis, schot out to beg yair meit. He yat tuke lytill laubouris on it, man enioy ye frutes, and commoditeis of it: he man eit vp the sweit & laubouris of ye pure mannis browis. Thus the pure dar mak na policie, nor bigging, in cace yai big yame selfis out. Bot althocht men wink at yis, and ouirluke it, 3it he sitts abone yat seis it, and sal Iuge it. He yat heiris ye sichis & complaintis of ye pure oppressit, sall not for euer suffer it vnpunischit. Quhat hes he alswa written aganis yis Heriald hors, deuysit for mony pure mannis hurt? Bot quha hes dimittit it? finallie, quhat oppressioun or vice hes he not repreuit? Bot yir sall suffice for exempill. And gif he had leifit in yir lait dayis, quhat had he said, of ye unnatural murtheris: ye cruel slauchteris: ye manifest reiffis: ye continuall heirschippis: ye plane oppressionis: ye lytill regard of all persones to ye commoun weilth: ye mantening of derth, to the vniuersall hurt of the pure in transporting of victuallis furth of ye Realme, contrarie to ye statutis yairof, for ye particular weill of few, & hurt of mony: the Importing of greit quantiteis of fals cunze sklenderlie serchit, and lychtliar punischit: The multitude of Kirkis destitute of Ministeris throw the hail cuntrie: The slaw administratioun of Iustice, and for les

[1] sign. A j.

executioun: with all kynde of impieteis (as it wer) publictlie, and frelie Regnand. ȝit nochtyeles we luke for redres and reformatioun of all sic horribil deformities, at ye handis of sic rewlaris as God hes, and sall strenthin with his Spirit, lychtin with ye pure word of his Euangel, endew with his feir (quhilk is ye beginning of all wisdome) with sic knawlege, sic Iugement, and ȝeill, yat yai sall to yair vttermaist endeuour, auance, and set fordwart all Iustice, and equitie, and suppres all vice and iniquitie: to ye glorie of God: to ye auauncement of his word: to ye edificatioun of his Kirk, and to ye confort, and quietnes of yis trubillit and afflictit commoun weilth. Quhilk God of his greit mercie grant that we may schortlie se. Amen.

I haue alreddie passit ye boundis of ane preface: ȝit ane thing restis to admonische ye (gentill reidar) of yir warkis following. The mair part of yame hes bene sindrie tymes in sindrie places imprentit: as heir in Scotland, quhilk ȝit war not sa correct as neid requyrit. Thay haif bene Imprentit in Rowen, bot altogidder sa corrupt and fals, that na man can be abill to atteyne to the Authoris mynde be yame. For besydis the wrang Ortographie, and fals spelling, the transpositiones of wordis & lynis: yair is alswa sic defectiones, yat sumtymes will want twa, or thre [1]lynis in ane sentence: sumtymes als mony abound, and be doublit.

Quhairthrow the myndis of honest men ar alienatit from reiding of sa frutefull warkis: ȝouth is abusit and corruptit: the Authour and his warkis schamefullie blottit, and barbulȝeit: the cuntrie infamit: & sic personis as laubouris for iust correctioun vtterly discuragit, seand thair lauboures and trauellis sa haistelie yairefter to be corruptit, at the priuate appetite and gredines of certane godles Ignorantis: quhilk in respect of yir greit hurtis, deseruis na small punischement. Thay ar lykewise laitlie Imprentit in Londoun, with lytill better succes than ye vther. For yai haif gane about to bring thame to ye southerne language, alterand ye uers and collouris yairof, in sic placis, as yai culd admit na alteratioun: quhairfoir ye natiue grace and first mynd of ye wryter, is oftentymes peruertit. And for ye Ortographie, transpositiones, and defectiones, thay ar almaist commoun with the vther.

Thus seing this famous Authour, and his notabill warkis to be sa velanouslie handillit, and sa miserabillie and malitiouslie mankit, and alterat: we haif gane about, and takin sum trauellis, to vindicate yame from yir blottis, & corruptiones: and to reduce and bring thame to the natiue integritie, and first mening of ye wryter. Quhilk salbe elike persauit in ye reiding: bot maist esilie, gif ony wil confer this editioun with yame yat hes preceid it: quhairin, quhat difference is betuix rycht & wrang wryting, betuix correct and vncorrect Imprenting, salbe cleirlie sene.

Mair, we haif eikit sindrie warkis of ye samin Authour, quhilkis hes not bene befoir Imprentit: to ye intent, that na thing of sa

[1] sign. A j., back.

Nobill ane wryter suld perische, throw negligence, or sleuthfulnes of this present age, bot suld be reseruit to ye frute of all posteriteis following. And forther intendis (be ye help of God) to use ye lyke diligence, in all warkis of yis wryter, quhilkis sall heirefter, be ony menis, cum to our handis.

I will deteyne the na langer (gude Reidar) from the warkis thame selfis: bot will commit the to the protectioun of ye Almychtie, our God: ernistlie desyrand ye to call vpon him: yat he will rais and steir up mony Dauid Lyndesayis, yat will continuallie admonische baith Prince and pepill of thair dewtie, and vocatioun, quhairunto ye Lord yair God hes callit yame: yat will rebuke and repreif all sic defaltis as salbe fund in yame: yat will commit to letteris, and wryte, ye honour, ye gloir, ye fame, and succes of vertew, and inbraceris yairof: The dishonour, ye schame, ye defame, and mischeif of vyce and impietie, and enhanteris thairof. To be notifyit and maid knawin to all agis to cum: that it may be ane prik and spur to ye verteous and godlie, to ga fordwart in all richteousnes, and equitie; that it may be ane stay and brydill to reteyne & hald bak ye wickit and vngodlie from all wickitness, and iniquitie. To the intent: yat God may be glorifyit: his Kirk edifyit: and this commoun weilth confortit, and quietit.

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[1] Ane adhortatioun of all estatis, to the reiding of thir present warkis.

SEN that it is maist worthie for to be
Lamentit of euerilk warldlie wicht:
* To se the warkis of plesant Poetrie
To ly sa hid and sylit from the sicht
Of those, in hart quha dois reiois aricht,
In Vulgar toung for to behald and heir
Vertew and vyce disclosit, and brocht to licht,
In thair richt collouris planelie to appeir.

Thairfoir (gude Reidar) haif I trauell tane,
Intill ane volume now breiflie for to bring
Of Dauid Lyndesay, the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knicht of the Mont, Lyoun, of A[r]mis King,
Quha in our dayis now did laitlie Ring,
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornate style,
To be commendit be me, neidis na thing:
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he hes done compyle.

[1] sign. A .ij.

Thocht Gawine Dowglas, Bischop of Dunkell,
In ornate meter surmount did euerilk man;
Thocht Kennedie and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the large race of Rethorik thay ran:
3it neuer Poeit of our Scottische clan,
Sa cleirlie schew that Monstour with his markis,
The Romane God, in quhome all gyle began:
As dois gude Dauid Lyndesay in his warkis.

Quhairin na stait he spairit, bot stoutlie schew thame,
How thay baith God and man had sore offendit:
With fleschehukis of flatterie he neuer clew thame;
Of quhat degre sa euer thay discendit,
Thair auld misdeid he prayit thame ay to mend it,
Empriour, nor King, Duke, Erle, Prince, nor Paip,
Gif thay to quell Christis flock 3it still pretendit:
Goddis Iust Iugementis na way suld thay eschaip.

With prettie problemis, and sentences maist sage,
With plesand prouerbis in his warkis all quhair,
With staitlie storyis aggreing to our age,
[1]With similitudis semelie he dois declair,
With weil waillit wordis, wyse, and familiar,
Of queynt conuoy, this ioyous gem Iocound,
Intill his bukis to speik he did nocht spair
Aganis all vyce, ay quhair it did abound.

Princes approche! cum Rewlaris in ane Randoun!
Reid heir 3e Lordis of the meyner men3e,
The end of hicht; 3our pryde lerne to abandoun.
Cum, schameles schauelingis of Sathanis sen3e,
Rynnand in vyce, ay still with oppin ren3e;
Of proud Prelatis reid heir the suddane fall,
Quha for to stoup 3it did neuer den3e,
Under the 3ock of him that creat all.

Cum teynefull tyrannis, trimmilling with 3our trayne!
Cum nouchtie Newtrallis with 3our bailfull band!
3e haif ane cloik now reddy for the rayne:
For fair wether, ane vther ay at hand.
Idolateris draw neir to Burgh and land,
Reid heir 3our lyfe at large, baith mair and min,
With Hypocrites ay slyding as the sand,
As humloik how of wit, and vertew thin

[1] A .ij., back.

Oppressouris of the pure, cum in till pairis!
Flatterarris flok fordwart! for I [haif] hard tell,
3e had ane saw richt sicker for all sairis.
Lawieris, and Scrybis, quha hes 3our saulis to sell!
Craftismen, and Merchandis, gif [yat] 3e do mell
With fraud or falset, than I 3ow desyre,
Reid in this buke, the speiche gif 3e can spell,
Quhat Iust reward 3e sall haif for 3our hyre.

Amang the rest, now Courteouris cum hidder!
Thocht 3e be skeich, and skip abone the skyis,
3it constantlie I pray 3ow to considder,
In to this scrow, quhat Lyndesay to 3ow cryis.
Cum all degreis, in Lurdanerie quha lyis,
And fane wald se of sin the feirfull fyne:
And lerne in vertew how for to vpryis!
Reid heir this buke, and 3e sall find it syne.

With Scripture and with storyis naturall,
[1] Richelie replenischit from end to end,
In till this buke, quha list to reid, thay sall
Find mony lessoun largelie to commend;
The braid difference quhairin weill may be kend
Betwene verteous and vicious leuing.
Lat vs thairfoir our lyfe in vertew spend,
Sen vyce of mankynd is the haill mischeuing.

Lat Lyndesay now as he war 3it on lyif,
Pas furth to lycht, with all his sentence hie:
Vnto all men thair dewtie to descryue
Quhairin thay may ane lyuelie Image se,
Of his expressit mynd in Poetrie,
Prentit, as he it publischit with his pen:
That him self speik, I think it best for me;
Gif gloir to God, quhilk gaif sic Giftis to men.

Finis.

[*On the lower half of this page begins*]

The Epistil Nuncupatorie of Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont Knicht, on his Dialog of the Miserabill estait of the warld.

[1] A .iii. no sign.

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